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Of the Year



DECEMBER 28, 1987

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spoil the Democrats'
chances?



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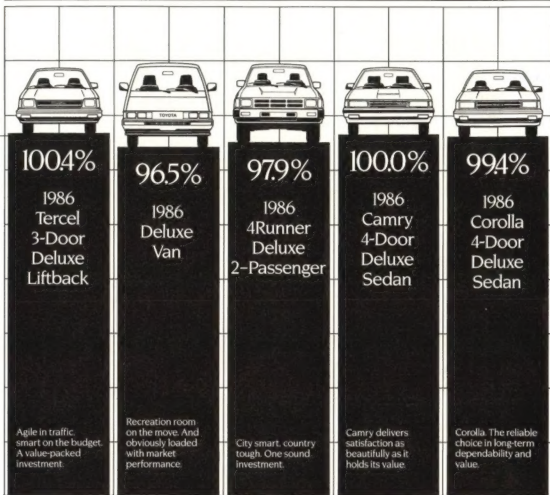
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No disrespect to the folks in the white coats, but nature came up with a food millions of years ago that can help you live healthier. It's oats. Yessir, oats. They not only taste good, they're just dandy nourishment. And, as part of a low-fat, low-cholesterol diet, oats can even help to reduce the cholesterol level in your blood.

40,000,000 Americans have high cholesterol.

If you're over 25 you could well be one of them. And high cholesterol levels are a major risk factor in coronary heart disease. They develop, among other things, from eating too many saturated fats.

If you're an adult, the bad news is you may have already eaten your way into a cholesterol problem; but the good news, say experts, is you may be able to eat your way back out of it.

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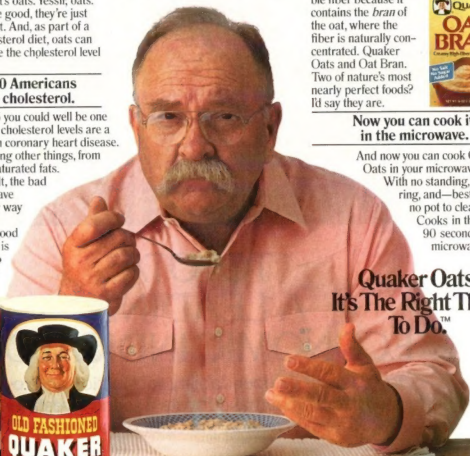
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COVER: A profile in recklessness, Hart is 14 back and the Democrats are stuck with him

His return was daring political theater, but it enraged party leaders, threw the race into chaos and vaulted the former Colorado Senator to the head of the presidential pack in a TIME poll. Can he survive without money, organization or further apology?

► Interviews with both the candidate and his long-enduring wife Lee reveal the tears behind the public smiles. See NATION.



WORLD: Roh wins in South Korea, but the 28 opposition vows to overturn his election

Confounding predictions of a neck-and-neck race, the ruling party candidate handily wins a five-year presidential term amid charges of fraud. ► Facing the worst riots in 20 years, the Israeli military comes down hard on Palestinian demonstrators in Gaza.

► Reagan's quest to secure new aid for the *contras* gets an inadvertent boost from Nicaragua's Ortega brothers.



IMAGES: 1987's best pictures star Ron 36 and Mikhail, a raging bear and two Jessicas

Some of the year's most unforgettable photographs focus on a superpower summit, a stock-market panic and a congressional probe into a scandal that shook a government. Others are on a more human scale: a Pontiff embracing a young AIDS victim, a preacher fallen from grace, a wide-eyed little girl rescued from a well in Texas. All are presented in a 24-page portfolio.



60 Economy & Business

For U.S. banks, abysmal loans add up to dismal profits and 200 closures. ► Pennzoil gets \$3 billion. ► Boesky gets three years.

64 Religion

Uproar over the Catholic bishops' statement on AIDS education and condoms. ► Methodists debate the Trinity and homosexuality.

65 Books

The late Primo Levi's last work calmly but eloquently preserves the memory of Nazi evil. ► A Len Deighton novel without suspense.

66 Music

Pianist John Jarvis uses rock overtones and country twinges to bring a welcome whiff of down-home to the New Age fad.

8 Letters 70 Sport 76 People

68 Living

Hotels are hiring concierges to help them compete in personal services, and increasingly women are filling the hectic, lucrative jobs.

69 Science

Long a window on the world to armchair travelers, the National Geographic Society prepares to celebrate its centennial.

73 Law

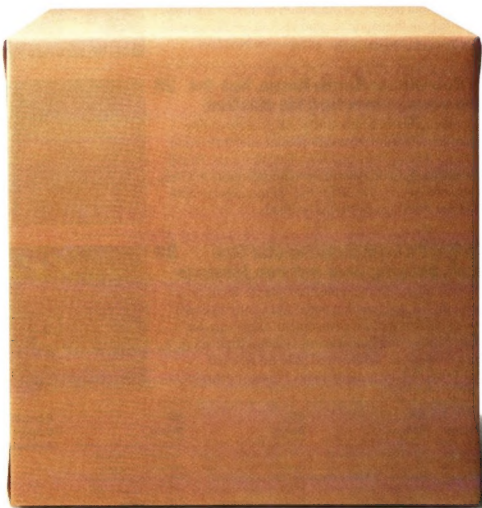
With five special prosecutors breathing down its neck, the Administration argues that independent counsel are a little too independent.

74 Cinema

Robin Williams shines in—and talks about—*Good Morning, Vietnam*, a comedy that unleashes its star's gift for mimicry and satire.

Cover:
Illustration by
David Levine

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A Letter from the Publisher

A picture may be worth a thousand words, but often a concise, well-crafted phrase can strengthen even the most powerful image. Every December since 1970, TIME has gathered the best photographs of the year and used them to narrate the story of the previous twelve months. While the pictures act as text, a carefully chosen quotation stand as context. "When it all comes together," says Reporter-Researcher Zona Sparks, who coordinated research for this year's project, "it's a poem."

The quest for quotations started in October, when Sparks began marking down the subjects that the photographic essay would most likely cover. She divided the work among three other reporter-researchers, Peggy Berman, Marion Sanders and Susanne Washburn. Apart from going through daily newspapers and past issues of TIME, the researchers discovered gems from such disparate sources as Benjamin Franklin and *Variety*, which summed up Black Monday with the banner BULL MARKET GONE WITH THE WIND.

Occasionally some of that good work must be scrapped.



Choice words: Berman, Sparks, Washburn and Sanders

When Gary Hart abruptly resumed his bid for the Democratic presidential nomination last week, the editors dropped a photograph of Donna Rice and one of Hart and his family. The Hart quotation that was to accompany them read, "I've made some mistakes . . . maybe big mistakes, but not bad mistakes."

Executive Editor Ronald Kriss chose the final pictures and quotations. Says Kriss: "I'm amazed at how this team always finds quotations that seem tailor-made for the pictures we select." The emphasis on brevity posed a slight problem when Kriss decided to include a photograph of Republican Presidential Candidate Alexander Haig

handing a piglet. "Every time you run Al Haig, you're in trouble," says Sparks, referring to the former Secretary of State's penchant for verbosity. She finally found the right words in *Caesar*, Haig's 1984 memoir. Readers will find them within, illuminating the candidate and his porcine companion.

Robert L. Miller



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Letters

New Spiritualism

To the Editors:

No doubt there are many flaky as-
pects to New Ageism (LIVING, Dec. 7),
but in focusing on them you are missing
the point. The heart of the movement lies
in the concepts that all life is sacred, that
we are all one, that God does exist and
that in a quiet and receptive state of mind
one is more likely to find the truth. Ideas
like these were shared thousands of years
ago by Jesus, Lao-tzu and Buddha.

Bart Bacon
Philadelphia



You concentrated on the profits to be
made instead of the good that can come
out of the New Age movement. Yet every-
where I go I see gold and silver crosses, ro-
saries, Bibles, praying hands, bumper
stickers exhorting the faithful and numer-
ous Christian articles for sale. Further-
more, I know of no New Age organization
that requires you to pledge a certain per-
centage of your annual salary. The overall
tone of the article made us look like a
bunch of profiteering weirdos.

Cynthia J. Bradford
Atlanta

You included my newsletter in a de-
scription of "fledgling magazines... full of
odd ads." *Brain/Mind Bulletin*, launched
in 1975, is not fledgling. It is a newsletter,
not a magazine, and has a distinguished
advisory board and subscribers in 52 coun-
tries. The *Bulletin* synthesizes research in
neuroscience, psychology, learning, cre-
ativity and allied fields. In its twelve-year
history, it has never carried advertising.

Marilyn Ferguson
Los Angeles

TIME regrets the errors.

God speaks in many tongues by many
different means. If the ultimate goal of
those who follow channeling, crystals and
I Ching is to commune with God, then
more power to them.

Frank V. Puglia
San Diego

Kudos to Shirley MacLaine and the
New Age philosophical surge of positive
thinking. It is time we started to feel good
about ourselves. When a friend bestowed
a gift of crystals on me, I began to feel the
"surge." Since then, I have found the time
to take out my crystals and reflect. If it
does no harm and feels good, why not?

Marjorie Chalfin Feinstein
North Caldwell, N.J.

Just when I thought New Right Fun-
damentalism was on the wane, another
sapping diversion, New Ageism, is sweep-
ing America. The last thing we need is an
absurd plunge into mysticism that turns
us into moronic shamans.

Tray Lee Zukowski
East Leroy, Mich.

Man of the Year?

I nominate Argentina's President
Raúl Alfonsín. Against all odds, he has
managed to allow Argentina to breathe
fresh air again and has given his country a
renewed sense of dignity.

Juan Carlos Goodman
New York City

It has been plain as day since the very
beginning of 1987. It should be Ronald
Wilson Reagan.

Jeffrey Schleker
Milwaukee

New Zealand's Prime Minister David
Lange, for his antinuclear stand.

Richard Newman
San Francisco

The Stock Trader, whose activities,
mainly in the latter part of the year, have
had a profound impact on society, the
economy and the world.

Bernard S. Glassman
Bethesda, Md.

Ian Shelton, the discoverer of Super-
nova 1987A, the brightest supernova in
383 years.

Jeff Rakestraw
Marietta, Ga.

This year the choice should be the
Prime Minister of my country, Rajiv
Gandhi, for his efforts to restore peace in
an emerging nuclear zone.

Asmok Lalla
Pune, India

Assessing Reagan

In "Putting the Presidency Back to
Work" (INATION, Nov. 23), you say the
"Iran-*contra* mess, the stock-market
crash and the inability to pick a Supreme
Court nominee capable of being con-
firmed by the Senate have threatened to
add Ronald Reagan to the list of 20th cen-
tury presidential failures." Are you seri-
ous? Here is a President who has been
able to bring about a domestic-policy rev-

Letters

olution: the top tax rate is down from 70% to 28%, inflation has been licked, and the economy has galloped ahead at a record pace for 59 months.

In foreign policy, the Soviet Union has been checked: between 1974 and 1980, Communist forces gobbled up ten countries, from Viet Nam to Afghanistan. On our watch, they have not seized an inch more of territory, and Grenada returned to the fold of free nations.

When we look back at the Presidents, such as Truman and Eisenhower, who had turbulent periods toward the end of their terms, we realize that history judges people for their cumulative accomplishments. President Reagan is likely to be remembered as one of the 20th century's greatest Presidents.

Gary L. Bauer
Assistant to the President
for Policy Development
Washington

China's Only Children

I have recently returned from central China, where in Wuhan I had ample opportunity to observe single-child families (WORLD, Dec. 7). While I found widespread concern for the only child, I witnessed no bratty behavior among the youngsters around me. On weekly trips to department stores, I saw many toddlers, often riding on the shoulders of their fathers, and not one was throwing a tantrum or screaming for forbidden items.

Anne Woodward
Washington

The popular perception that an only child will necessarily be self-centered is not true. As a teacher and the parent of a single child, I have found that these youngsters are frequently self-confident and thoughtful of others, perhaps the result of being loved and wanted by their families. Having only one baby makes sense in an overpopulated world.

Marion Poerio
Edison, N.J.

Alcoholism's Roots

You missed an important point in your report on alcoholism (MEDICINE, Nov. 30). We must recognize that it would be more helpful to view alcoholism as a behavioral disorder that can be remedied through psychological intervention than as a sin or a disease. Social conditions instigate and endorse overuse of alcohol in some persons who are under pressure and who use it to regulate anxiety and promote escape. Although disease can be a consequence of alcohol abuse, alcoholism (like driving too fast or swimming out too far) is ultimately a matter of behavioral regulation.

Lewis P. Lipsitt
Dwight B. Heath
Brown University
Providence

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Letters

The search for genetic and neurochemical factors in alcoholism and the move to reclassify it as a disease rather than destructive behavior tend to lighten the burden of guilt for the alcoholic. But I know I would never have licked my problem with alcohol and drugs had I not ultimately accepted full responsibility for my attitudes and actions.

*Desi Arnaz Jr.
Ojai, Calif.*

Help from the Brits

In an otherwise excellent article titled "The Technobandits" [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Nov. 30], dealing with the leakage of industrial secrets to the East, you left the impression that I was unhappy with the British effort to curb the transfer of carbon-carbon equipment to the U.S.S.R. Your readers should know that my office had excellent cooperation from the British Ministry of Defense, the British Foreign Office and, indeed, from Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, all of whom worked with us to prevent export of the most sensitive elements of the carbon-carbon equipment to the U.S.S.R.

*Stephen D. Bryen, Deputy Under Secretary
Department of Defense
Washington*

In Praise of Koch

In your article on New York City Mayor Edward Koch [NATION, Nov. 30], you say I fault Koch for "failing even to have a black adviser involved in day-to-day policy decisions." Placed as it is in a paragraph assailing Koch for decade-old grievances, the statement was not set in proper perspective. I did say Koch does not have a black adviser in his inner circle (which would help), partly because his policy advisers are most often his close friends. I also noted that 1) Koch's problems with minorities are often exaggerated, 2) he has appointed many blacks and Hispanics to important posts, and 3) his current term has been marked by a far more conscientious effort to address minority concerns.

*Robert Curvin, Dean
Graduate School of Management
New School for Social Research
New York City*

The Business of Law

Having spent the first four years of my legal career at Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, I was delighted to see your mention of my old firm's name and a picture of its offices [LAW, Dec. 7]. Although the size of many law firms has grown, I am not sure that much else has changed. Twenty years ago, as now, many associates racked up at least 2,000 billable hours annually. I put in more than 3,000 one year. As your article suggests, there is cause for concern in today's legal profession. However, I suspect that there are as

many sleazy lawyers to be found in small firms as in large ones and that a long-established reputation is a better index of quality. At Cadwalader we never forgot that we were stewards of an honorable practice that goes back to 1792.

*Douglas A. Nelson
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.*

Saying No

In response to a story on Judge Douglas Ginsburg, a reader [LETTERS, Dec. 7] says anyone living in a college environment in the '60s and '70s who did not use marijuana was abnormal. I lived on campus in the mid-'60s and never tried marijuana or knew of anyone who did.

*David Fenn
Curtis, Wash.*

I went to college in the '70s, and although a good number of my acquaintances tried marijuana, I did not. I take offense at being called abnormal for not breaking the law.

*Joe Koury
Albuquerque*

Intervening in Haiti

As a young Haitian attending college in the U.S., I raise this question: What is wrong with intervention in Haiti, especially in light of the massacre of civilian voters during the recent elections [WORLD, Dec. 7]? Young Haitians like me see their future in jeopardy. We want peace, but there cannot be any peace without some kind of foreign intervention. The American leaders should give the youth of Haiti a Christmas present by helping our nation have fair and democratic elections.

*Claudel Ariste
Collegedale, Tenn.*

Abrams on Haiti

How ironic that Elliott Abrams criticized you [LETTERS, Nov. 30] for "biased" reporting when you said Haiti is "in a state of undeclared civil war." I thought it was prescient of you to make this observation just before the massacre of civilians during elections in that unfortunate country. Abrams sees only what he and the Reagan Administration want to see.

*Rochelle McAdam
Santa Monica, Calif.*

Ostriches like Assistant Secretary of State Abrams are a liability to the Reagan Administration and a cause of its dismal failures in foreign policy.

*M. Sathya Babu
Racine, Wis.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020 and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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COVER STORY

The Ghost Of Gary Past

Hart's holiday surprise stuns the Democrats

From the moment Gary Hart punctuated his withdrawal speech last May with a defiant "Hell, no!" the Democratic Party should have seen it coming. Why would Hart have donned sackcloth on national television in September and admitted marital infidelity, unless he felt a compelling political need to get the *Monkey Business* off his back? At 51, Hart is too ambitious, too driven and, yes, too arrogant to be satisfied with speaking to impressionable sophomores in half-empty auditoriums, just another penitent on the lecture circuit. With the Iowa caucuses and the New Hampshire primary two months away, Hart was still pushing position papers in purgatory, forgotten except as a ribald footnote to the 1988 race.

But even as the resurrection rumors spread last Tuesday morning, even as 250 reporters and cameramen flocked to the steps of the New Hampshire State House, there was an air of incredulity. Gary Hart is a professional; he has run for President before; he should know the taboos and totems of the trade. Didn't he understand that in the unwritten rules of political engagement there is a codicil that bars from

the presidency any married man who has made a fool of himself in public with a 29-year-old model? What about his September promise not to hover around the other six candidates like "some Dickens figure"? A presidential campaign demands money, organization and delegate slates; all Hart has is a handful of volunteers and more than \$1 million in leftover 1984 political debts. Even by the traditional standards of Democratic chaos and with the party's long history of bad karma, the step Hart was about to take seemed to soar to new heights of self-indulgent folly.

But there was the former Colorado Senator, coatless in Kennedyesque fashion, flanked by his long-enduring wife Lee, daring to do the unthinkable. "Sometimes the best thing to do is what you feel you must do," Hart unrepentantly declared, reading from his handwritten speech. "I believe I represent a brand of leadership that draws its strength from its independence, that's experienced in politics but that is not purely political. I have a sense of new direction and a set of new ideas that our country needs that no one else represents. And I intend to resume my presidential campaign to let the people decide."

Say what you will, snicker if you must, but give Hart his due: it was a great piece of political theater. Rocky, Richard Nixon, Douglas MacArthur, the metaphors of return are all part of the common heritage. So, too, are the religious themes of exile and resurrection. Hart's bumper-sticker rendition of his platform was far sharper and crisper than the rhetoric of his Democratic rivals, but what was most distinctive was the way Hart played the populist poetry of his political predicament. "This will not be like any campaign you've ever seen," Hart promised, "because I am going directly to the people. I don't have a national headquarters or staff. I don't have any money. I don't have pollsters or consultants or media advisers or political endorsements. But I have something even better. I have the power of ideas, and I can govern this country."



Should Gary Hart have re-entered the race for President?

Yes
52%

No
37%

Do you think the press treated Hart fairly in its investigation into his private life?

Yes
30%

No
59%

From a telephone poll of 500 likely Democratic voters taken for TIME on Dec. 27 by Datawatch/Chancy Spelman. The sampling error is plus or minus 5%.



An ego-driven protest candidate railing against his political fate



The entire Democratic six-pack could be hurt by Hart's return, but the damage to the party may be greater

JOHN CHASSER—NEW YORK TIMES

Hart's celebrity status and name recognition put him among the front runners, at least for the moment. To the rest of the Democratic field, however, he was like Dr. Seuss's Grinch Who Stole Christmas, an instant spoiler further disrupting his party's stumbling attempts to rally behind an electable candidate. Like Jesse Jackson, the other leader of the Democratic pack, Hart arouses such high negative feelings in the polls that he is hardly a plausible nominee. Yet together they could draw enough votes to make it more difficult for any of the other five contenders to garner a majority in the primaries. Though the chance of a brokered outcome

remains small, it is now more conceivable that, midway through the primary process, the party elders will strongly press for a Mario Cuomo, Bill Bradley or Sam Nunn to come in and pick up the pieces.

There is a strong romantic streak in Democratic politics, the quixotic Adlai Stevenson campaigns, for example, and John Kennedy's brief, shining Camelot. For the party that nominated William Jennings Bryan three times, choosing a candidate is not a cold calculation of self-interest but a leap of faith, an idealistic commitment. Hart creatively and perhaps cynically used this imagery in recasting himself as the ultimate guerrilla

insurgent, scorned by his party and tormented by the press. Of course, some of this live-off-the-land posturing is preposterous. Hart squandered the strongest and most dedicated organization in the Democratic Party last spring for a reckless tryst with Donna Rice, an event that vividly confirmed concerns about his judgment and his character. Even now, as Hart gleefully brandishes his wallet containing \$60 as his entire campaign treasury, he hopes to qualify for \$1 million in federal matching funds, based on the contributions he raised before he initially withdrew from the race.

In the two days following his dramat-

"I'm Not a Fool"

His legs stretched out in a restaurant booth, Gary Hart looked tired but pleased with himself. He had found private life for seven months unbearable, he said. Now he felt whole again. Nearby, his wife and son sat with half a dozen political volunteers. Hart leaned over the table to spoon some chicken noodle soup from a bowl.

Practicing law and giving lectures, Hart felt discredited and abandoned. He found it an ordeal, he confided, even to drive to work each Monday morning. "You go crazy," he said, "if you're trained to be a quarterback and then sit on the sidelines." Even the indignity of renewed personal scrutiny would be better than that. "Life holds no terrors for me anymore," he said.

Last weekend the Harts sat and talked. They had often discussed the kinds of personal questions they might expect from the press. Now Lee told her husband she was afraid that he might be hurt badly, but in the end she could not be the one to stand in his way. Both their children wanted him to get back in. They felt he had looked weak by withdrawing. By the end of the weekend the decision was made.

Hart, who has been on the lecture circuit, noticed that audiences rarely raised questions about his personal life. When they did, his pleas for a certain privacy usually set off loud ap-



After a speech in New Hampshire: "I weep for this country"

plause. "People are not mean," he said in a grateful tone. "There's a goodness out there." The hostile questions came from journalists. "There's something wrong," he said, "when journalists ask one set of questions, and the public another."

As he spoke, his hurt and anger became visible. "What is this need to destroy me?" he asked. For all his detachment, Hart remains vulnerable. He is determined not to speak about his personal life, but the subject is never far from his mind. He wants his reputation back. "Let's talk about character," he

ic return from Elba, Hart dominated the television screens like a Mikhail Gorbachev in cowboy boots. Even as he peevishly decried the power of the media, he launched his revival by dominating the news and eclipsing the hapless six other Democrats, who were stuck at yet another of their interminable debates.

In a TIME poll of likely Democratic voters taken by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman on Thursday night, two days after he announced, Hart was the first choice of 30%, compared with 22% for Jackson and 14% for Michael Dukakis. But these numbers represent the crux of the Democratic dilemma: when those surveyed were asked their impressions of each of the candidates, Hart's "unfavorable" rating was 36%. The only one higher: Jackson, with 37%. Just 51% of the probable Democratic voters said they would be likely to cast their ballots for Hart if he turns out to be the nominee, while 32% said they would not.

Hart is right about one thing: dissatisfaction with the field is rampant among Democratic voters. Perhaps because all the other Democratic candidates have been diminished by endless TV debates and their uninspired campaigning, they seem to have surprisingly high unfavorable ratings. Dukakis and Paul Simon are the only two with relatively low negatives: Richard Gephardt, Albert Gore and Bruce Babbitt now have unfavorable ratings that are higher than their favorable ones, a marked shift from previous polls. The survey showed that 41% wanted Mario Cuomo to get in the race and 31% wanted Bill Bradley.

Although 52% said Hart should have re-entered the race, 41% predicted the move would "hurt the Democrats in the 1988 election." Only 30% said it would help. In assessing what descriptions apply to Hart, he got high marks for intelligence (87%) and courage (64%). But 53% of those polled agreed that "uses good judgment" is a description that does not apply to him. More than 40% said Hart "should be a character in a soap opera."

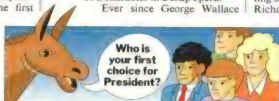
Ever since George Wallace

fate. In a sense, Hart is questing after a national pardon, but he is too proud and too stiff-necked to ask for it.

Even many old friends are dismayed. "When he left the race in May, he told us that the campaign was not about a candidate, it was a cause," recalled David Dreyer, Hart's former national-policy director. "I don't know of anything that suggests he is going to serve the cause by getting back in." Former Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, an old ally of Hart's, likened him to the "bastard cousin who shows up at the family reunion." Lamm added, "The Democratic Party will forgive past indiscretions, but I don't think the party will forgive someone solely interested in playing the role of spoiler."

The bitterness of the Democratic establishment toward Hart is palpable. Party Chairman Paul Kirk publicly affirmed that: Hart was acting selfishly and said, "Donna Rice is going to be relevant." Charles Whitehead, the Florida chairman, snapped, "If he is a candidate, I am going to Europe during the convention." Democratic Pollster Harrison Hickman said, "We've got a national *Gong Show* anyway, and here's one more guy in a funny suit coming on the stage."

Some of Hart's rivals joined the chorus once they discovered that this lone crusader was a relatively safe target. The best and earliest lines belonged to Babbitt. "I think everybody is entitled to a comeback try," he cracked. "But in Gary's case, I don't know if the comparison is to Sugar Ray Leonard or Jim and Tammy Bakker. If this weren't so serious, it would



			Impression of candidate	
	Including Hart	Excluding Hart	Favorable	Unfavorable
Hart	30%	-	47%	36%
Jackson	22%	31%	47%	37%
Dukakis	14%	20%	32%	19%
Simon	7%	10%	23%	15%
Gore	5%	7%	19%	25%
Gephardt	5%	6%	19%	20%
Babbitt	3%	4%	16%	23%

first ran in 1964. Democratic primaries have proved fertile ground for send-them-a-message protest votes. But never before have the party's two strongest candidates in the polls, as well as its two most adept performers on television, been protest candidates of a sort. Hart represents an entirely new species: for all the merit of many of his stands on issues, his candidacy can only be understood as a passionate protest against his self-inflicted political

said, "I'm not an immoral man. I can't believe that even press people think I'm an immoral man."

Hart started to ask a question, but suddenly his lips began to tremble. He tried again, but no words came. Quickly his eyes filled with tears. He was overcome with emotion. He stared down at the table, and the tears ran down his cheeks. "I'm sorry," he said as he found his voice. "I don't like to do that." It was a rare show of emotion for the cool and distant Hart. Somewhat defensively, he pulled himself together. "I don't weep for myself," he said. "I weep for this country."

Now Hart started the question again. "Why is it," he asked, "that the people of this country understand what is really important, but the politicians and the press do not?" Then he sounded a familiar theme. "The political process in this country is destroying its leadership," he said.

He knew, Hart said, that many politicians would view his candidacy as uncontrollable ego. "But I'm not a fool," he said. It is an expression Hart uses often these days. He wants badly to alter his reputation for poor judgment. "Look," said Hart, "if I'm a joke, let the people say that. I'm willing to submit myself to that jury. I am not an unstable person. I wouldn't be doing this if I didn't think there was something serious out there for me."

The only Democrat who continues to reach out and tap the minds of the country's best thinkers, said Hart, is Bill Bradley. That kind of broader thinking, he observed, cannot be acquired during frantic election campaigns. "You can't run for Presi-

dent," he said, "if you don't already know what you think."

Hart was sure about his own thinking. He knew the exact date of the next candidate debate. He will be aggressive there. When he speaks about the deficit, for example, he doesn't mince words about new taxes: the country needs them. "By Jan. 1," he said, "I'll have a piece of paper with numbers on it."

How would he pay the bills for his campaign? Hart reached into his pocket and held up a black wallet. He had driven around New Hampshire that day in a friend's white van, holding route directions in his hand and pointing out signs to a volunteer driver. That night he would sleep at a former staffer's house in Concord. Hart said that to help finance his 1984 presidential campaign he was forced to take a mortgage on his home. "Never again," he said firmly. He believed enough money would come in for a couple of months' campaigning. After 60 days, Hart said, he would know if he was dead or alive.

It will be difficult for Hart to reinvent himself now. He still obliquely sees his past behavior and dreadful judgment as tactical errors. If somehow he had been able openly to accept his errors for what they were, his comeback might seem more plausible. But there was one happy glint. His personal problems, Hart observed, had brought him a dividend he never imagined. "For a lot of people," he said, "I've become more human. I was always seen as a one-dimensional figure. Now people walk up to me differently. They see me as a person who's suffered. They see me as one of them."

—By Robert Alesman, with Hart

Nation

be funny. If it weren't so funny, it would be serious."

Beginning with David Letterman and Johnny Carson, the first reaction of many was to make Hart the butt of a national laugh-in. A front-page *Des Moines Register* cartoon showed Hart wearing a dwarf costume labeled **SI FAZY**, as he pushed the other six candidates off a cliff. Hart was also tagged by cartoonists as **HORNY** and **RANDY**. A popular Denver radio show held an hour-long phone-in of the latest jokes about him, most of which tended toward the tasteless. One caller said the best Hart joke was that "Gary is running for President."

For all the snickers, as Babbitt pointed out, Hart's re-entry is not really a laughing matter: it helps neither the Democratic Party nor the country to turn the critical process of selecting a President into something that begins to resemble a circus. Hart's action was a symptom of the problems faced by his party. "He appears to symbolize the failure of the established field to catch fire," says William Galston, a 1984 adviser to Walter Mondale. Hart's comeback crusade threatens to become a cause of further disarray. As Peter Hart (no relation), a Democratic pollster, says, "It's destabilizing for the Democrats at a time when they have to start moving forward."



Are you uneasy about Hart's becoming President for any of these reasons?

	Yes	No
Don't like his ideas	9%	78%
Don't trust him	27%	63%
Disapprove of his personal life	33%	58%
Think he is reckless	38%	51%

Hart's return hurts all the charter members of the old Democratic six-pack in differing ways. The second-tier candidates (Gephardt, Gore and Babbitt) can all afford to be overshadowed in the crucial weeks before Iowa and New Hampshire. Gore is particularly vulnerable since, having all but abandoned Iowa, he needs a respectable showing in New Hampshire to position himself for the Super Tuesday Southern primaries. Compared with Hart, the bow-tied Simon looks like the model of a conventional

politician. "Hart will take away the fascination with Simon as the new and different candidate," predicts Democratic Media Consultant Frank Greer. Even Jesse Jackson may slip, as he now must share the name-recognition vote with Hart.

But it is Michael Dukakis who has the most to lose from Hart and potentially the most to gain. Until now the Massachusetts Governor's hegemony in the neighboring state of New Hampshire was taken for granted. But Hart won a breakthrough victory in that state's 1984 primary, and it is here that he intends to make his do-or-die stand in 1988. "If there's one loser, it's Dukakis," theorizes Political Consultant Ralph Mongeluzo. "When Hart dropped out, a big part of his support went to Dukakis. Now he'll have a shot at getting it back." Early polls show Hart vaulting into second place behind Dukakis in New Hampshire. Yet in the looking-glass world of political expectations, Hart's presence may actually help Dukakis if the Governor can still win in New Hampshire. Such a victory would have been discounted if Dukakis had faced only the pre-existing weak field. But if he knocks off Hart, Dukakis would begin to look more like a real giant.

Like shipwrecked sailors on an isolated atoll, nervous Democrats have been constantly scanning the horizon for signs

Keeping the Press at Bay

When Gary Hart faced the inevitable question for the first time last week, it was uttered by a fresh-faced New Hampshire high school student. "Do you think politicians have the right to deliberately mislead the public?" asked Garth Conrad. "No, I do not think they have the right," Hart began, haltingly, as the cameras rolled. "But on the other hand, the public does not have a right to know everything about everybody's personal and private life."

The frenzy of applause that followed pleased Hart. He was picking up his campaign right where he had left off—with attacks on the news media. "The Democratic Party has found its Spiro Agnew," wrote the conservative columnist George Will last week, recalling the press bashing by the bilious Vice President. This time what failed for Hart in the spring may be his biggest political asset. "He is using journalistic jujitsu," said Mark Green, a former speechwriter and aide. "Now when the press asks Hart a prying question, it makes the audience like Hart more and the press less."

By attacking the press for its inquisitiveness, Hart sought to immunize himself against titillating new exposés. For the moment, the strategy seemed to be working. After publishing photographs of Hart dallying with Donna Rice and watching him admit his marital infidelity on *Nightline*, journalists were adhering to an informal prohibition against double jeopardy. Last spring the Washington *Post* confronted Hart with evidence of his having a long-running affair with a Washington woman.

Hart withdrew and the story never ran. The *Post* decided not to name names, and nothing more is in the works. "I can't go out and find every woman he ever scabooled," says *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee. "You can't ask him every day about something he has, however reluctantly, confessed to." Nevertheless, the rumors still dog Hart: last week Terry Tydings, the estranged wife of former Democratic Senator Joseph Tydings of Maryland, denied that she was the woman in the *Post* story.

There is, of course, a lot more muck about Hart that could be raked. It's a dirty job, so somebody is likely to do it. Says *National Enquirer* President Iain Calder: "To go over the old ground would be tiresome. But we would take a story with a good angle in order to entice the reader. We are checking out phone tips actively."

But are further personal revelations relevant? A new spate of digging into Hart's sexual past would probably do little more than confirm existing doubts about his self-control, and could create a backlash of sympathy for him. That does not mean, however, that the well-documented evidence of his deceitfulness ought now to be ignored. "Lying and cheating are serious charges against anyone," says Washington *Post* Political Reporter James Dickinson, "and it is not sensationalist or irrelevant to examine them." Even as the public resents the intrusiveness of the press, it will continue to demand to know as much as possible about the people who seek to guide the future of the nation. Thus questions about Hart's personal morality, judgment and truthfulness will continue to be explored, and rightly so.

—By Laurence Zuckerman

Reported by Alessandra Stanley/Washington



Checking out new tips

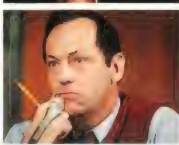
that they may yet be saved from having to nominate any of the existing contenders. Needless to say, Hart up to now has not figured prominently in these rescue scenarios. But Robert Squier, a Democratic media consultant, says that "the more candidates you have in, the more the brokered convention seems feasible." He notes, "It's probably good for Mario Cuomo," who has ruled out a race but not a last-minute call to duty.

A brokered convention, with party leaders wheeling and dealing through multiple ballots, may be the modern political equivalent of the unicorn: long sought but never actually sighted. A more plausible, though still unlikely scenario is for a period of confusion and bartering that begins midway through the primary season, when no candidate looks likely to garner a majority of delegates. That could open the way for a draft movement for someone now on the sidelines.

For example, if Hart does well in New Hampshire and Jackson runs strongly in the South, the other five may become even more diminished. Hart may not ultimate-



Possible beneficiaries of a deadlock in the process: Nunn, above, Cuomo, Bradley



ly win that many delegates: he has neither the time nor the organization to file full slates and get the necessary signatures to be listed in many places. Nevertheless, it will become mathematically more difficult for any of the five others to forge a majority, especially if the popular fascination with Hart and Jackson continues to overshadow them.

Intimations of a stalemate would provide a window for a last-minute candidacy by Cuomo, Bradley or Nunn—either by entering a couple of late primaries or

by being available when the pre-convention broker-ing begins. Such a confection is still mostly spun sugar, but the re-entry of Hart is certain to keep speculation alive for months.

Gary Hart has become the Democratic version of Richard Nixon: a political leader of vast talents and conspicuous flaws, a man who seems to draw strength from his own humiliation, and a natural loner in a profession that places a premium on warmth. Like Nixon, he is a fascinating touchstone of the times, whose character and psyche are both in-

tensely familiar and strangely unfathomable. The ill-concealed bitterness that the political establishment displays toward Hart is more than merely political and situational: it is rooted in anger at an iconoclast who scorns convention. Mocking the pretensions and smugness of the system is not a new pose for Hart: he did it as George McGovern's campaign manager in 1972 and as a new breed of maverick candidate in 1984. As in his personal life, he tries to live above the accepted rules. Now he has embarked on the most daring

Lee: "It Was Hell"

In the New Hampshire snow, amid scorn and scrutiny, Lee Hart put on a brave front. She wore a red coat and a bright smile as her husband launched himself back in the spotlight. She said what was expected: "I've always believed in Gary. I never stopped believing in him." But a day later, when a raunchy taunt or two soured the comeback, the portrait of the political wife was, in a candid moment, etched in pain. As she rode through a storm of gray sleet in the backseat of a borrowed van, Lee Hart's eyes welled with tears. "I don't want Gary to be President—that's his wish," she confessed. "But I don't want to be in the way. I couldn't live with that."

Whether accomplice or victim, Lee Hart was crucial to her husband's decision. She campaigned by his side and held his hand. But beneath her public graciousness, the wronged wife emerged as a reluctant team player: whose composure, like her husband's, seemed on the verge of cracking. "No one will ever know how much we went through last May," she said. "It was hell."

Back then, in the furor that followed revelations of Hart's indiscretions, some of Lee's friends had urged her to divorce him. She wouldn't hear of it. After 28 years of marriage, the minister's daughter insisted, "I know Gary better than anyone else, and when Gary says nothing happened, nothing happened."

In the wake of the *Monkey Business* photographs and rumors of Hart's other liaisons, the denial seemed stunning. Was Lee Hart so driven to be First Lady? Whatever the motive, she has stuck to that loyal line ever since, and if she has any

doubts, she does not let on, even to some of her close friends.

Nonetheless, she was hesitant to launch a new campaign that would inevitably bare their private lives. "As much as she supported Dad, she was a bit apprehensive," says Daughter Andrea, who along with her brother John strongly lobbied their father to get back in. Yet Lee found herself touched by the thousands of letters that poured into Troublesome Gulch, Colo., urging her husband to run again. She watched with growing concern as he became more restless and depressed.



Not what she really wanted

In the end, Hart's decision to re-enter the race depended only on Lee. "Lee had to be for it," he told *TIME* the day he announced. In a chilling assessment of the sacrifice he expected his wife to make, Hart explained, "It got down to how much abuse she was willing to take."

Friends describe Lee, a former real estate agent, as fiercely strong, striving through the rocky years to hold her family together. "I have always put my own personal feelings aside, because I believe in a person, not because he is my husband but because I have felt he has something to offer to this country," she said last week. Andrea adds, "We don't elect superhumans. We elect human beings who will make mistakes."

Lee Hart's loyalty will help her husband. But her obvious agony can only raise more questions about his compassion—if not his judgment. As tense as she appeared last week, she was also determined. "I don't care anymore," she told *TIME*. "I can handle whatever gets printed. Our family can't be hurt anymore. I don't think there's anything we can't endure, all of us."

Reported by Robert Ajemian with Hart

—By Margot Hornblower

Nation

odyssey of a public career built entirely on risk, and the political power structure looks on in horror and asks, "Why?"

The most cynical interpretation is that Hart is doing this merely to qualify for roughly \$1 million in federal matching payments. But even if Hart were to receive this money, which is subject to the approval of the Federal Election Commission, the funds would go to his new 1988 campaign committee, not into his wallet. Nor is it certain that this money would ever be applied to his \$1.1 million 1984 debt which, legally, is not owed by Hart personally. Only if Hart gets the matching funds, drops out of the race again, and wins 110 approval might this \$1 million jackpot be used to close the books on 1984.

Issues, Hart insisted in his rhetoric of return, are what propelled him back into the race. "I hoped that my ideas for strategic investment economics, for military reform, and for enlightened engagement would be adopted and put forward by others," he declared. Even though he somewhat arrogantly sent his position papers to the other Democratic candidates after his initial withdrawal, Hart feels that his ideas were ignored. But Hart's strength as a candidate is less as an ideological thinker and more as an adroit packager. When Hart takes questions from an audience, it is striking how formidable he can be in framing his ideas. From toxic waste to the Persian Gulf, he is masterly at weaving single facts into broad solutions.

Hart may be guilty of self-deception if he believes that his candidacy is an ideological crusade. For once, the Democratic Party is free from divisive debates over issues like Viet Nam and civil rights. On the campaign trail, Hart distributed copies of a 94-page collection of his recent speeches, titled "Reform, Hope and the Human Factor: Ideas for National Restructuring." But the speeches reveal the surprising degree to which Hart is in accord with many of his rivals on policy issues. Hart is willing to raise taxes to stanch the deficit. So is Babbitt. Hart has some innovative ideas on job training and economic development. So has Dukakis. Hart has a subtle understanding of military and nuclear strategy. So has Gore. Hart believes in arms negotiations and limited use of American military force abroad. So do all his Democratic rivals. In short, the question for Hart on the issues this time should be "What's your beef?"

Although he had been actively mulling re-entering the race since Thanksgiving, Hart made his decision only the weekend before his announcement. That Saturday he asked his daughter Andrea, 23, to drive

out from Denver to the Hart home in nearby Kittredge. When she arrived, Andrea looked at her father and asked, "Is it a go?" The once and future candidate smiled and said, "Yep, I think so." On Sunday morning Hart called his longtime aide Billy Shore in Washington for what seemed a routine conversation about an upcoming speech in Iowa. Only after the details were completed did Hart say in a matter-of-fact voice, "Well, I'm going to do it. In the next day or so, I'm going to get back in." Before Shore could say anything, Hart quickly added, "Don't worry, Billy, it's going to work out better than you think."

Over the past month there were no formal meetings of Hart supporters, just a series of musing telephone calls to a tight cadre of old loyalists. A few, like David Dreyer, who strenuously opposed a resurrected candidacy, were dropped from the

not survive much beyond the New Hampshire primary are legion: little experienced staff, the difficulty in filing delegate slates around the country, no money unless the federal matching funds arrive, the high negative ratings in the polls, the danger of new damaging disclosures, the ridicule factor and the enmity of party leaders. It is all terribly convincing, until one remembers that Hart was nearly broke and stuck at 3% in the national polls at this point in 1983. Patrick Caddell, the volatile Democratic pollster who worked for Hart in 1984 and has been without a candidate since Joseph Biden dropped out of the current race, claims effusively, "Yesterday everyone was saying Gary can't get in the race. Now they are saying, well, he can't get nominated. Next they'll say he can't get elected." Caddell adds with a laugh, "After that, they'll say, well, he can't govern."

The question of electability masks a much larger question: Is Gary Hart fit to be President? The issue is not merely Hart's amorous behavior, but the pattern of deceit and deception that surrounded his involvement with Donna Rice. "Hart sounds dangerous. The man has an appetite for personally founded illusion," says Political Scientist James David Barber of Duke University. Bruce Mazlish, a historian at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, puts it this way: "What we do know about Hart is enough to make you concerned that this is a man who is reckless and whom you don't want as President."

These are harsh statements, but they should be tempered by the reality that there is no simple divining rod for predicting presidential performance. That is why the final verdict rests with the voters. The American

people can be extremely forgiving; in fact, one sometimes wonders if it is true mercy or just a short attention span. Hart lurched back into the campaign because he could not abide being left out of the great national debate. Fine. He has that right. But the American electoral process is not just about ideas and issues. It is about something even more serious: choosing a person to be President. Hart's seeming refusal to draw any lessons from his ordeal other than those relating to his personal privacy, and his declaration that he need not be held accountable for his reckless behavior and deceptions, border on self-indulgence. That is what threatens to make his re-entry into the race, a gesture that was at once both grandiose and pathetic, as harmful for a man of Hart's talents as it could be for his party.

—By Walter Shapiro. Reported by Robert Ajemian, with Hart, Laurence I. Barrett, Washington and Michael Riley/Denver



Hart's name recognition made him a front runner in the polls. But to the Democrats, he was the Grinch Who Stole Christmas.

loop. Former Deputy Campaign Manager John Emerson warned of the obvious personal and political risks, telling Hart that he "could possibly be blamed if the Democrats lose in 1988." But Emerson sensed that Hart was animated by something deeper, more personal. "If he'll never be at peace with himself," Emerson said, "well, that's another matter."

In New Hampshire some veteran political organizers have returned to the fold. Sue Casey, co-chairman of Hart's 1984 state primary campaign, and Ned Helms, who has been a prominent Gore supporter. But until they formally open a national headquarters in Denver this week, the Hart campaign is being run mostly out of the Colorado state party offices, where 15 volunteers work the phones. Party Chairman Buie Seawell jokes, "People are calling up saying, 'I've seen a star in the east. Is this the stable?'"

The apparent reasons that Hart can-

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Reagan on Gorbachev: "We Can Get Along"

"General Secretary Gorbachev was always civil," said Ronald Reagan last week, musing over the phone to TIME about his third extended encounter with the Soviet boss, a bright political star following a succession of dingy, dying hulks. "We both got steely-eyed sometimes, and we both raised our voices. But there was no sense of bitterness. He did not bear a grudge beyond the negotiating table. He does not stalk out of the room. He is pleasant, affable. He even seemed to like the food. He put it away pretty good. Still, I believe what I said, 'Trust but verify.' That is the formula that underlies all of this. We can go forward on that formula."

Going forward to Moscow is now in the President's plans, and he dares hope for some progress on a treaty that will begin to reduce strategic nuclear missiles. Just as Reagan still wants Gorbachev to savor the America that lies beyond Washington, the General Secretary extolled Moscow and the great Russian land. "I had hoped for a few extra days for him to see this country," Reagan said. "It just did not work out. He said that he would like to come back and see some of the country. I made it plain to both of the Gorbachevs that one day they should return not for work but just to visit. He said with equal feeling that I must come and see Moscow and the Soviet Union."

"Gorbachev is a different kind of fellow than those previous leaders," the President continued. "But he is devoted to his system, just as we are to ours. He does not believe that they are violating human rights in the Soviet Union. In their system everybody has a job, and he sees that as a great thing. He does not bring up the fact that those people are told what job they can have and they do not have a free choice. He also believes that some things we do in this country deny human rights, and he raises that."

For all of this testimony to Gorbachev, Reagan is more cautious in commenting on the General Secretary than he was following the first two summits. The more the contact, the more the wariness. But there remains a unique feeling between the men, an understanding that they can confront each other and argue without the world-jarring rancor of other years.

"We can get along," said the President. "We can cooperate in this world—but always with our guard up. I'm cautiously hopeful. I believe his desire for change is real. Their economy is the problem, and by far and away their greatest burden is arms production. If they can solve that, then maybe they can do some other things. I have to think that he means it when he talks about these things."

"And he seems sincere when he talks about his desire for peace. But you must always remember that their spokesmen back in the time of Lenin, and maybe even Lenin himself, did not want war either. They believed that they would win without war."

Reagan noted that Gorbachev mentioned that the Soviet Union next year would observe the millennium of Christian faith in Russia. "I was intrigued about his mention of the millennium and how on a number of occasions he used God's name," the President said. "One of our Russian experts explained to me that God is a figure of speech over there, and when they invoke God's name they use it with a small g. It does not mean what some may think."

Though Gorbachev was at times plainly tired from his tough travel schedule, he never lapsed into small talk or veered from the issues at hand, Reagan said. The General Secretary was at serious labor. Gorbachev showed little curiosity about the White House or the people invited to meet him, did not talk about American history or heroes. "I don't know if he knew just who Joe DiMaggio was," said Reagan, recalling how, at the Yankee Clipper's request, he had asked Gorbachev to autograph a baseball. "But I explained that Joe was one of our great athletes, and he signed the baseball."



Fire-side chat: "I don't know if he knew just who Joe DiMaggio was"

When historians write of this summitry between once glowering superpowers, they may decide that the sense of humor shared by the two leaders played as much a part as any other human quality. "He has a good sense of humor," Reagan declared. "I told him the speeding joke. The Soviet police were told to give tickets to speeders, no matter who they were. One day Gorbachev is late leaving home for the Kremlin, and he hurries to his car and tells the driver that he will drive to save time. So the driver sits in the backseat and Gorbachev takes off lickety-split down the road and passes two cops on the side. One of the officers gives chase but in a short time returns to his partner, who asks if he gave him a ticket. 'No,' the cop answers. 'Well, who in the world was it?' asks the other cop. 'I don't know,' replies the first cop, 'but his driver was Gorbachev.' Gorbachev loved it. He just howled."

The Soviet leader was terribly guarded about Communist politics and told Reagan almost nothing of his struggles inside the Kremlin. "He did seem aware of the problems that I have with Congress and the various political factions," Reagan said. "But he does not view events in the Kremlin the same way we view our government. We all know that he has his troubles too. He does not mention them."

But Gorbachev did bring up one prickly problem that won instant sympathy from Reagan—his treatment by the media. Now that Gorbachev is an active member of the global village, with its probing cameras and satellite network, he voices complaints that sound as though they could come from the White House. "Oh, he did talk some about the media and the difficulties he was having with them," said Reagan. "I just told him what Lyndon Johnson once said. L.B.J. claimed that if one morning he walked on top of the water across the Potomac River, the headline that afternoon would read, PRESIDENT CAN'T SWIM."

The High Price of Friendship

Deaver faces a jail term for lying about his lobbying activities

Former White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael K. Deaver stood stiffly beside his lawyer in a federal courtroom in Washington last week, expecting the worst. His lawyers, in a long-shot gamble, had presented no evidence to counter the assertion by Independent Counsel Whitney North Seymour Jr. that Deaver had repeatedly lied under oath about his lucrative lobbying business. When the jury returned guilty verdicts on three of five counts, canny Defense Counsel Jack Miller manfully shouldered the blame: "We didn't put on a defense because we didn't think we had to. The jury verdict suggests I may have made a mistake."

Maybe not. By keeping Deaver off the witness stand, where he would have been subjected to withering cross-examination, Miller won not-guilty verdicts on two key counts. Moreover, Deaver and others are challenging the constitutionality of the 1978 law that established independent counsel. Two of Deaver's three guilty verdicts came on charges of lying to Seymour's grand jury that was investigating him for possible ethics-law violations. If the independent-counsel law is overturned, Seymour's work would be thrown out, and Deaver would be liable for retrial only on a single count of falsely testifying to a congressional committee. Given the evidence against Deaver, it was perhaps the best Miller could have done.

The seven-week trial provided a rare glimpse into the world of Washington spe-

cial pleading, particularly at the Reagan White House. A top Boeing executive told the court that his company chose Deaver to lobby for a lucrative contract to build a new Air Force One because of Deaver's familiarity with the "personal tastes and preferences of the President." Deaver was paid \$250,000, and Boeing eventually landed the \$200 million contract.



With his daughter Amanda following his conviction for perjury
A rare glimpse into the world of Washington special pleading.

Former White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan testified about his efforts to prevent a Korean client of Deaver's from getting a two-minute meeting with the President. Regan said he repeatedly vetoed the trade-related meeting, only to see it reappear on Reagan's schedule. Deaver was paid \$475,000 for setting up the appointment and doing a few other errands for the Koreans. Philip Morris paid Deaver \$250,000 to help win access to the

South Korean tobacco market; company officials acknowledged they were overjoyed when Deaver obtained an hour-long meeting with South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan in Seoul and another, five-hour session with Korea's top trade official.

Telephone logs showed that former Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole received a call from Deaver to discuss attempts by his client TWA to avoid a hostile takeover. Dole was never called to appear as a witness, but Deaver was found guilty of lying about the matter to a grand jury.

Canadian Ambassador Allan Gottlieb refused to waive diplomatic immunity to testify about a lunch he had with Deaver in January 1985 to discuss acid rain. Without evidence about the lunch, that section of the count was dismissed. The jury finally acquitted Deaver of the remaining charges involving acid rain.

Deaver faces a sentence of up to 15 years and a \$22,000 fine at his sentencing Feb. 25. After the trial, Seymour blasted the climate of "too much loose money and too little concern in Washington about ethics." Lobbyists "will continue to undermine public confidence in government," said Seymour, "until lawmakers, business and community leaders and individual citizens decide to cry 'Enough'."

The President and his wife issued a statement saying they were "sorry" about Deaver's conviction. But when Nancy Reagan was asked whether the Deavers would be invited to Christmas dinner at the White House this year as usual, her eyes widened, her features twisted into a grimace, and she answered, quietly but firmly, "No."

—By David Beckwith/Washington

Bush Stumbles

As Dole scores with Reagan

It should have been a good week for George Bush. With the Democrats in disarray over Gary Hart, the Vice President maintains a comfortable edge over his strongest challenger, Republican Senator Robert Dole. Last week's poll for TIME by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman found Bush ahead of Dole, 40% to 20%, as the first choice of likely G.O.P. voters. After bidding Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev farewell at the airport, Bush seemed to bask in the summit's afterglow. But by Friday, the front runner had stumbled over two minor mishaps and allowed his staff to make him sound like a beleaguered underdog.

The first sour note was struck when Dole appeared beside Ronald Rea-

gan in the White House to announce halfheartedly that he would support the INF missile treaty. Dole has been waffling on the treaty in an attempt to appease G.O.P. right-wingers, while Bush loyally endorsed the deal. Reagan, who needs the backing of Senate Republicans to ratify his treaty, was in the awkward position of seeming to boost Dole's faltering campaign.

When the White House invited Dole to appear with the President, the Bush campaign reacted immediately. "We had Dole finished," an aide complained to staffers in the office of Reagan's chief of staff, Howard Baker, "and now you're letting him up." Despite the grouching, the White House refused to rescind the invitation. Said an Administration official of

the Bush campaign: "They're behaving like children."

Bush's more serious problem concerned the Administration's arms-for-hostages deals with Iran. The congressional Iran-contra committees released a memo from former National Security Adviser John Poindexter citing the Vice

President as a strong supporter of the policy. Dated Feb. 1, 1986, the memo states that "president and v.p. are solid in taking the position that we have to try." Bush has said he expressed "reservations" about the plan, although he approved of it. The new memo proved that "I stood with the President," he said. Despite the difficult week, he added, "I've never felt stronger politically."



Dole: guest appearance

Nation



Shopping at a commissary in Stuttgart: for Americans, local prices have doubled

See the World—and Pinch Pfennigs

The weak dollar dampens Christmas for G.I.s in West Germany

This will not be one of the great Christmases in the life of U.S. Army Specialist 4 Donna Revis. A chaplain's assistant at the Army's St. Sebastian Chapel in Frankfurt, Revis scrimped and saved to rent an off-base apartment for herself and her son Joel, 4. Since 1985 the rent has skyrocketed from \$380 a month to more than \$600 plus utilities, a bite she can no longer afford on a salary of \$992 a month. There is no room on base for a single mother with a child, so Revis has had to move into a barracks and send Joel home to her parents in Ohio. "When I'm away from my family and son," she says, "Christmas really doesn't exist at all."

Revis' problem is not unique. The U.S. dollar's long slide against European currencies has forced many of the 326,000 uniformed Americans serving in Western Europe to make painful adjustments in their living standards. Soldiers and their families have had to abandon off-base shopping and housing, which has created both a morale and a money problem. Says Navy Commander Philip Souza, a staff personnel officer at the headquarters of the U.S. European Command in Stuttgart: "Nobody's starving, but we have very little mobility outside the gate."

The change in their fortunes has been a bitter surprise for many G.I.s. As recently as February 1985, they could exchange a dollar for 3.30 German marks;

at that rate West Germany was a dream posting. Although a shortage of on-base housing existed even then, many soldiers brought along their families and spent weekends traveling around Europe. Now they get less than 1.70 marks for the dollar, which means in effect that all local prices have doubled.

Rents near the bases, notoriously steep even in the best of times, are higher than ever: some G.I.s pay \$700 a month or more for modest one-bedroom apartments in Frankfurt or Stuttgart. The military's overseas housing allowance, which is adjusted for inflation, is supposed to cover 85% of off-base rental costs. Nonetheless, Army and Air Force personnel must borrow heavily from the military to

pay real estate finders' fees and make rent deposits. Now thousands of G.I.s are trying to move back to the barracks, and some, like Revis, have had to send their families Stateside.

While West Germans are enjoying the highest standard of living they have ever known, Americans are hunkering down on their bases. Aging post facilities such as clubs and gymnasiums are overcrowded with soldiers who used to spend as much time as possible away from the posts. Shopping in post exchanges has become a way of life again, but even that is not the bargain it used to be. Thanks to congressional demands that PXs be self-sufficient, prices on many goods have risen 25% over the past 14 months. Says Specialist 4 Michelle Williams, a clerk in Stuttgart who arrived last March: "All I heard was that Germany was the place to go, that you could visit castles and that the economy is a blast. But when I got here I thought, God, it's so quiet. There's really not much to do. And I can't afford anything downtown."

Luxury cars, once a bargain during a tour of duty in West Germany, are now beyond the reach of all but high-ranking officers: the Army registered only 136 BMW owners this year, compared with 1,044 in 1985. The 2½-year waiting period for a Mercedes-Benz has shrunk to six months. "Canceled orders used to be simply unheard of," says Gottfried Plangg, of the firm's NATO sales division. "But now everybody's nixing orders placed when the dollar was high."

The military has tried to boost morale as well as spending power. Since the last low-dollar period, in 1979-80, the Army has improved the way it computes cost of living allowances. They are now adjusted monthly and take more prices into account. The Army provides financial advice and such services as family-emergency funds and low-interest credit. Despite the decreased value of the dollar, say Pentagon spokesmen, there has been an increase in requests for extensions of West German tours of duty. But some observers worry about whether that trend will continue in the face of new pennigpinching campaigns.

Armed Forces radio broadcasts glum little ads urging G.I.s to use egg timers when they call long distance and to watch for red-tag sales at the PX. "We used to say, 'Come to Europe and broaden your horizons,'" says Major Dennis Pinkham, a public-affairs officer at European Command. "Now that word is out that things are tough, that's kind of a bitter pill to swallow." With many economists predicting even harder times ahead for the shrunken dollar, the pill is most easily washed down with cut-rate beer in the barracks. —By J.D. Reed, Reported by James L. Graff/Frankfurt



A U.S. Army family in their apartment off-base in Stuttgart \$700 a month for a modest one-bedroom rental



QUICK! WHICH IS THE PHONE, AND WHICH IS THE COMPUTER?

of networking, as telephones already have.

The name of the game is getting the right information to the right people at the right time.

Because being able to do that easily will make our work more productive and our lives less hassled.

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Our goal is to do for information what we've already done for conversation.

To accomplish that, the people at AT&T Bell Laboratories are working to combine everything you like about telephones with everything you expect from computers.

So computers will finally deliver what they have been promising for decades.

Consider some examples: Some day soon, instead of being limited

to the new cars available in a dealer's inventory, you'll be able to sit down at a computer terminal in the dealer's showroom and enter the model you want, the engine, the options, the color, etc.

A data network will automatically translate your order into instructions to dozens of suppliers and plants in the production process. The result is a custom-made car delivered faster than you ever thought possible.

In banking, powerful and versatile data networks could mean loan approval in minutes instead of weeks. And account balances that are always current.

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Once, a phone was a phone and a computer was a computer.

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And computers are discovering the power



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A diamond is forever.

American Notes



CALIFORNIA Bell ringing in a Hayward mall



SAN FRANCISCO Bye, Ollie



THE HOMELESS 22% hold full- or part-time jobs

CALIFORNIA

Banning the Red Kettle

Since the 1890s, the Salvation Army has made a Christmas tradition of collecting money for the needy. But the Army's shiny red kettles and bell-ringing workers are growing scarcer on the West Coast. Fearful that the bell ringers will set a precedent for other solicitors, up to half the shopping malls in California and Nevada have barred them. In protest, parishioners from nearly 100 churches in the Bay Area are boycotting some of the malls. A few owners have relented and allowed the kettles near the entrance of their stores. Nevertheless, since the kettles collect an average of \$2,000 each during the holidays, the ban may cost the charity as much as half a million dollars this season.

SAN FRANCISCO

Can Gorbachev Outsell Ollie?

On his visit to Washington, Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev extolled his reforms, known as *perestroika*, or restructuring. Leave it to a pair of American capitalists to take his words to heart. San Francisco Businessman John Lee Hudson and his wife Shana, who lost \$30,000 trying to mar-

ket an Ollie North doll after the Iran-*contra* hearings, plan to convert their leftover inventory into the likeness of the Soviet leader.

The foot-tall doll will retail for \$19.95, Hudson says, but the make-over cannot be finished in time for Christmas. In the South Korean language where the unsold Ollies languish, workers will refit the doll with a new Gorbachev head, complete with the famous wine-stain birthmark on the scalp. The Marine uniform will be replaced by a stylish Italian suit. The clothes will be padded to mimic the Soviet leader's bulky physique. From the neck down, the plastic Gorbachev is actually a knock-off of Ken, the Barbie doll's popular boyfriend.

THE HOMELESS

A Job, but No Place to Live

The stereotype of the homeless as vagrants or mentally ill is increasingly out of date. Families with children constitute one-third of the homeless population in 26 major cities, according to a study released last week by the U.S. Conference of Mayors. Moreover, 22% of the homeless hold full- or part-time jobs, but the lack of affordable housing means some low-wage workers cannot find shelter. Meanwhile, the average wait for subsidized housing has reached 22 months.

The task force blames the homeless crisis on the Reagan Administration's cuts in federal housing aid, food stamps, and programs to care for the mentally ill. Said Boston Mayor Ray Flynn, the task-force chairman: "If the record number of people in America's streets and soup kitchens had been driven there by a natural catastrophe, many parts of our country would be declared disaster areas."

SUPREME COURT

Kid Gloves For Kennedy

"This will be painless," declared Senate Judiciary Committee Chairman Joseph Biden last week. And so it was for Supreme Court Nominee Anthony Kennedy, as he breezed through his confirmation hearings before the same panel that put Robert Bork through a bruising, highly partisan interrogation last summer. Kennedy's deferential manner, as well as a "well-qualified" rating from the American Bar Association, guaranteed easy treatment.

The California appeals-court judge sailed smoothly through two days of questioning. Unlike Bork, he assured Senators of his respect for previous Supreme Court decisions and belief in an individual's "zone of liberty" from Government intrusion. Despite the grumblings of conservatives

still smarting over the rejection of Bork, Kennedy seems assured of confirmation when the Senate reconvenes after Christmas recess.

NUCLEAR WASTE

Resolving a Hot Issue

After a five-year struggle to pick a politically and environmentally safe site to store nuclear waste material, Congress has settled on a sagebrush-covered ridge in Bullfrog County, Nev. After geological tests are completed, a shaft will be drilled into Yucca Mountain to store up to 70,000 metric tons of radioactive material early in the next century. Louisiana Senator Bennett Johnston, chairman of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, led the effort to halt studies of alternative sites in Texas and Washington State.

The decision will save the Government nearly \$4 billion in additional tests and drilling. "We need to get on with this," said Johnston. Most members of Congress were happy to choose a home for nuclear waste anywhere but in their own backyard. Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming summed up the thoughts of doubters: "Why is it," he asked, "that when the facility must isolate waste for tens of thousands of years, we cannot take the time to do it right?"

World

SOUTH KOREA

A Vote for Stability

Roh wins big, but opponents cry "fraud" and vow to overturn his election

Late in the evening, officials at the Seoul counting station carefully—almost tenderly—unlocked scores of metal ballot boxes. Then, amid the glare of television lights and the intent stares of observers, 80 people began to tot up the results.

The election night scene mirrored all the hope and anticipation of South Korea's first free presidential race in 16 years. For weeks, Opposition Leaders Kim Dae Jung, 62, and Kim Young Sam, 60, had charged that Roh Tae Woo, 55, the candidate of the ruling Democratic Justice Party, would have to resort to widespread fraud to win the contest. The allegations poisoned the campaign atmosphere with distrust and helped provoke sporadic violence. Still, South Koreans flocked to the polls last week in record numbers: nearly 90% of the 26 million registered voters braved long lines and freezing cold to cast their ballots.

When the results were announced, the verdict stunned the country. Though a neck-and-neck race had been expected, Roh won the contest for the five-year presidential term with 36% of the tally. Kim Young Sam, leader of the Reunification Democratic Party, finished second with 27.4%, followed by Kim Dae Jung, who heads the Party for Peace and Democracy, with 26.5%. Former Prime Minister Kim Jong Pil, who was considered a threat to drain votes from Roh, picked up 8%.

For Kim Young Sam and Kim Dae Jung the results provided a bitter and all too obvious lesson: the opposition's combined total of nearly 55% of the vote would have beaten Roh had there been a single candidate. Because neither Kim would bow out, Roh's rivals managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.

The size of Roh's margin startled even his own supporters. "We underestimated people's desire for stability," said Hyun Hong Choo, vice-chairman of Roh's campaign. That yearning proved crucial in a country that has suffered

many a spell of repression and rebellion since the republic was founded in 1948 in the wake of the post-World War II partitioning of Korea. Having grown over the past decade into a sizable economic power, South Korea now longs for political maturity. That would help ensure the success of the 1988 Summer Olympics in Seoul, which South Koreans view as something of a coming-of-age festival. Continued turmoil, by contrast, could threaten the Olympics and deal a shattering blow to South Korean prestige.

Roh, a former general, ran well in small towns and rural areas, which tend to be conservative. He won strong support near the Demilitarized Zone with North Korea, where thousands of U.S. and South Korean troops are a constant reminder of the threat of a Communist invasion. Said a 77-year-old Roh backer and refugee from the North: "I voted for the candidate who was best qualified to defend the nation." Roh's effort was bolstered by a tragic event: the Nov. 29 disappearance near Burma of a Korean Air Lines jet with 115 people aboard. When the Seoul government charged that the plane was destroyed by a bomb planted by North Korean agents, the Communist threat was raised anew.

The opposition attributed its electoral loss entirely to fraud by the military-backed government of President Chun Doo Hwan. Deriding the vote as the "worst instance of election rigging in the history of my republic," Kim Dae Jung predicted "utter chaos" and a national uprising against Roh and Chun. Said Kim: "They have dug their own graveyard." Kim Young Sam described the election as "totally null and void" and pledged to "be in the vanguard of the struggle" to oust Roh and Chun. The National Coalition for Democracy, an opposition umbrella group, called for a return to the "glory of the national resistance in June" when student-led protests forced the Chun government to abandon its plans for an electoral college vote that the regime could control.



변영이나? 파멸이



Thumbs up for a winner: on the weekend before the

The scheme was replaced by last week's direct election

The opposition was not alone in accusing the government of cheating. Poll watchers reported a number of suspicious incidents: more than 3,000 were claimed in Seoul, another 300 in the southern city of Kwangju, a Kim Dae Jung stronghold. But compared with the Philippine elections last year that eventually led to the ouster of Ferdinand Marcos, the South Korean vote seemed relatively clean. While there were instances of ballot-box stuffing, many of the cheating charges appeared to be based on hearsay and could not be proved.

Foreign observers had a mixed opinion of the balloting's fairness. A group of U.S. congressional aides said they were



historic ballot, a vast throng turned out in Seoul to hear the born-again democrat. The size of his victory at the polls stunned even close supporters

concerned about election abuses. But Steven Schneebaum of the Washington-based International Human Rights Law Group noted, "There does not appear to be, based on what we've seen, widespread election-day fraud."

In Washington, the State Department was pleased with the outcome. "It would certainly seem that the whole process has gone pretty well," said one official. In a cautiously worded statement, State Department Spokesman Charles Redman congratulated Roh on his victory and said the U.S. "looks forward to working closely with him." With 40,000 troops deployed in South Korea, however, the U.S. is wary of stirring up anti-American sentiment among the opposition, so Redman took note of the fraud charges. They must be

dealt with "as fairly and quickly as possible," said he, "so that the process of reconciliation can proceed."

Throughout the campaign, fear mounted that huge demonstrations would ensue if Roh won. But students, who were in the vanguard of last summer's protests, were initially quiet after the results were announced. Though scuffles broke out last Thursday between some 2,000 demonstrators and police in Kwangju, unrest did not spread. Antigovernment youths, already exhausted by the bitter election campaign, at first seemed stunned by the size of Roh's victory. When 150 of them staged a rally at Seoul's Yonsei University, not a single policeman showed up to challenge them. After marching for an hour and shouting antigovernment slo-

gans in the chill evening air, the students gradually disbanded. "This is not like June," one said. "The people don't support us."

The calm was broken, though, on Friday. In downtown Seoul, some 300 slogan-chanting students hurled stones and fire bombs at police, who responded with volleys of eye-stinging pepper gas. Across town a more violent scene unfolded. In a dawn raid, riot police stormed a ward office building that opposition supporters had occupied since Wednesday. The protesters seized the building after spotting a ballot box suspiciously hidden among packages of bread, crackers and noodles on a truck parked outside. Police smashed doors and swarmed up ladders as the students fought back in fierce hand-to-hand

combat. About 1,000 demonstrators were finally led away, some bloody and unconscious.

For Roh the victory climaxed a remarkable evolution. As the handpicked successor to the authoritarian, widely disliked Chun, the ex-general was vilified by many last summer when the Democratic Justice Party nominated him for President. Under the electoral college voting system then in use, Roh appeared certain of victory. But immediately after his nomination, widespread demonstrations broke out across the country. Although students led the protests, many members of the growing middle class supported them by also taking to the streets.

Roh soon realized that although he could win the election, he might not be able to rule the country. Thus on June 29, without prior consultation with Chun, Roh bowed to popular demand and proposed direct presidential elections. That defused the crisis, but opposition supporters continued to view Roh with disdain and suspicion, interpreting his concession as a tactical retreat rather than an authentic conversion to democracy.

Aware that he would never recruit opposition students to his cause, Roh focused his campaign on farmers, workers, women and the middle class. He portrayed himself as a down-to-earth fellow who would finally end military-backed rule. Carefully distancing himself from Chun, Roh promised to reform the feared Korean intelligence agency and punish any crimes committed by the Chun gov-



Unrest, but not a lot: demonstrators crouch under police guard atop a building.

ernment. He even pledged to hold a referendum after the Olympics on his performance as President. "Roh was seen as a successful born-again democrat," said Political Scientist Han Sung Joo of Korea University. "He endured personal and physical attacks without resorting to non-democratic responses."

As Roh's appeal grew, the opposition

fell into disarray. For weeks the two Kims jockeyed to see which of them would run for President. Both had previously pledged that there would be only one opposition candidate. Kim Dae Jung had actually declared that he would not stand. But ambition proved too strong a force, and by October it was clear that both men would be candidates.

Roh: "I Am a Positive Person"

The President-elect of South Korea is a pragmatic man. As a young military officer, he wore a small brown identification tag with his name inscribed in English as NO. It was the most common pronunciation of his surname. Quickly, however, the unpropitious English meaning of *no* got to him. Using a less frequent but acceptable pronunciation, No Tae Woo became Roh Tae Woo. Said Roh: "*N-o* is negative, and I am a positive person. So I prefer *R-o-h*." He will need that kind of flexibility to lead his country on the still bumpy path toward democracy.

Roh Tae Woo was born Dec. 4, 1932, in a modest three-room farmhouse in the tiny rural town of Yanginmal, ten miles from the industrial city of Taegu. His was an impoverished childhood, made worse by the severity of the Japanese occupation. Every day the young Roh walked five miles to elementary school classes. The future army general liked to play war games, reserving the leading roles for himself.

In 1951 Roh entered the Korea Military Academy outside Seoul. There he befriended Chun Doo Hwan, who would later become South Korea's President. The two graduated in 1955, members of the first class to complete the school's new four-year program. The friends had different temperaments. Where Chun was cold, Roh was affable. Where Chun was imposing, Roh was self-effacing.

Still, Chun's and Roh's lives ran almost parallel. They were together at a six-month special warfare course at Fort Bragg, N.C., and both saw action in Viet Nam as unit commanders with South Korea's Tiger Division. In December 1979, after

both had become generals, Roh's infantry division came to his friend's aid when Chun overthrew South Korea's ruling clique of senior military officers and eventually took over the country.

Roh rose steadily under Chun. After his retirement from the military in 1981, Roh was named Minister of Political Affairs and oversaw national security and foreign relations. In 1985 he became second-in-command, after Chun, of the ruling Democratic Justice Party. By early this year, after rivals resigned from the government amid a police-brutality scandal, Roh was poised to become Chun's chosen successor.

Roh is a family man who listens to his children. Last June, when the country erupted in protest after Chun designated Roh the ruling party's presidential candidate, his 21-year-old son Jae Heon influenced his decision to propose direct presidential elections. Jae Heon is a student at Seoul National University, a hotbed of antigovernment student activism. "My son is very critical at times," Roh noted last summer. But after the candidate championed democracy, his son said for the first time: "Father, I respect you." Roh's daughter So Young, 26, is a graduate student at the University of Chicago.

Roh works out regularly, but his campaign schedule has curtailed his twice-weekly tennis matches. He still quotes from memory lines from his favorite author, the German writer Hermann Hesse, whose visionary novels (*Siddhartha*, *Steppenwolf*, *Magister Ludi*) describe the quest for enlightenment and serenity. That should be good inspiration for the next President of South Korea.

—By Howard G. Chus-Eason

Reported by Barry Hilderbrand and K.C. Hwang/Seoul



Moment of despair: the mother of an arrested protester weeps on an unsympathetic shoulder

All the while, relations between the two Kims grew frostier. Only days before the election, Kim Young Sam called on his rival to drop out of the race. Kim Dae Jung's supporters responded by storming a printshop that had produced leaflets for the Kim Young Sam campaign and seizing flyers that, they insisted, said their man had withdrawn from the contest.

Though the flyers were ambiguous, Kim Dae Jung attacked Kim Young Sam as deceitful, and "immoral." Kim Young Sam's forces called the attack a clear sign of panic.

Throughout the campaign, the Chun government spared no effort on Roh's behalf. News programs by the two government-controlled television networks again and again showed Roh surrounded by warm, admiring crowds and broadcast his past speeches on days when he did not campaign. At the same time, a spate of news stories described South Korea's rapid economic growth in terms that reflected glowingly on the Chun government and the ruling party's candidate. So biased was the coverage that some 30 journalists from the government-owned KBS network staged a sit-down strike to demand more objectivity.

Right up to the end, election fever swept the country. Crowds grew bigger, the cheering louder—almost as if the country were trying to make up, in a few weeks, for the years when strongman rule made a mockery of democracy. Kim Dae Jung claimed that 3 million people heard him at a single Seoul rally. Roh drew a turnout only slightly smaller in the capital. Kim Young Sam attracted cheering crowds in cities along the route of a motorcade that wound 300 miles from Pusan in the south to Imjin-Gak, just below the North Korean border. By election eve, following dozens of rallies and speeches, all three major candidates were rasping and wheezing; a severe cold, exhaustion and rising blood pressure forced Kim Dae Jung to cancel his final pre-election appearance.

When he takes office in February, Roh Tae Woo will lead a South Korea that in a few short years has grown into one of the world's most vibrant industrial nations. "Any new President has to be

really dumb to make a mess out of the South Korean economy," says Suh Sang Mok, senior economist with the Seoul-based Korean Development Institute. Fueled by exports of everything from cars to clothing, the South Korean gross national product is expected to grow by more than 8% next year. The country's new prosperity is astonishing. Per capita income climbed from \$105 in 1965, when the country was a Third World backwater still recovering from the three-year Korean War, to \$2,950 today.

Roh's first task will be to heal the wounds inflicted by the election campaign. Before he even moves into the presidential Blue House, the government will have to cope with protesters claiming that the voting was rigged. In an interview with *TIME*'s Barry Hillenbrand last week, Roh said the protesters were "opposed to the present democratic system." The way to deal with those people, he added, "is to make continuous efforts at dialogue and persuasion." He defended the use of pepper gas as "necessary to prevent violence from creating a more chaotic situation."

Roh's status as a minority President should cause him to tread lightly in many areas. Says he: "I am aware that a considerable amount of the votes went to the opposition candidates." Accordingly, Roh pledged to craft his policies "to reflect those wishes of the people who voted for the opposition." Roh also said he would consider opposition party members for Cabinet posts. That may be essential in any case. With National Assembly elections possible in February, the opposition could make a strong showing. In the 1985 National Assembly ballot, three antigovernment parties won 60% of the seats.

After Roh's victory, many Koreans were calling for an era of reconciliation. In a sense, the election represented a struggle between the autocratic and faction-ridden South Korea of the past four decades and the democratic industrial state that is trying to be born. Roh's common-man approach may be just what is needed to speed the transition. "Roh is not vastly popular," notes Alan Romberg, a senior fellow for Asian studies at the Council on Foreign Relations. "Nor is he vastly unpopular." Romberg said voters turned to Roh as the "man who could keep the country on course for prosperity and stability."

Roh may also represent something deeper. Throughout much of their history, Koreans have held strong feelings against past conquerors and injustices. Such resentment is known in Korean as *han*. More recently, South Korea adopted a jaunty, animated tiger called Hodori as the symbol of the Seoul Olympics and the national spirit. In the race between the backward-looking *han* and the ever optimistic Hodori, last week's election may be a sign that the tiger has bounded ahead.

By John Greenwald.
Reported by S. Chung and Barry Hillenbrand/
Seoul



An ebullient victor waves to Seoul crowd

World

ISRAEL

Days of Rage in the Territories

Facing widespread Arab unrest, the army comes down hard

From inside the walled courtyard of Shifa Hospital, the 200 young men hurled stones at the advancing Israeli troops. On the roads leading to the hospital, other rioters set truck tires on fire, smearing the brilliant blue sky over Gaza with stinking black smoke. Nearby, a loudspeaker on the minaret of a mosque blared encouragement: "Oh, you young people, go at them! Don't back off!" As an Israeli helicopter dropped tear-gas canisters into the courtyard, the soldiers finally

price of our presence in the territories."

The violence began two weeks ago in Gaza, the squalid swath of poverty along the Mediterranean that is home to 600,000 Palestinian Arabs. Rumors spread that an Israeli truck had deliberately rammed two cars carrying Arab workers, killing four of them, in retaliation for the murder of an Israeli merchant. By the next morning much of Gaza was covered with smoke from burning tire barricades. Thousands marched through

agent of Shin Bet, Israel's internal-security service. The agent will reportedly be disciplined, but officials appeared less upset by the act itself than by the fact that it was captured on film. At week's end the trouble spread to East Jerusalem, where mobs of Palestinian youths rioted through the streets. Israeli police were careful this time not to retaliate with excessive force.

As if there were not trouble enough, Israel's controversial Minister of Industry and Trade Ariel Sharon chose last week to move into a new home: an apartment in the Muslim quarter of the Old City of Jerusalem. Sharon, who still owns a farm in the Negev, decided to live in the Muslim quarter to make it safer for Jews who would be encouraged to follow him. Arabs responded with new protests and a strike by shopkeepers in East Jerusalem. When Sharon threw a Hanukkah party for 300 guests, hundreds of police had to be called out to provide security, and Israeli officials fretted that providing permanent security for Sharon in the Muslim quarter would require a third of the security agents assigned to Israeli officials.

In Washington, State Department Spokeswoman Phyllis Oakley denounced Israel's "harsh security measures," while Assistant Secretary of State Richard Murphy urged Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin, who was visiting the U.S. capital, to use restraint. "We are sorry we have to use force," Rabin said later. "But whenever there is a violent demonstration using Molotov cocktail bottles, throwing stones, setting fires, attacking car passengers, the police and the military will use whatever is needed to prevent it."

Beyond the immediate problem of keeping order, no one in Israel's divided leadership seems to envision any long-term solution for the occupied territories. Yitzhak Shamir, the Likud bloc leader who succeeded Labor's Shimon Peres as Prime Minister last year, is much less willing than his predecessor to negotiate a settlement. With no prospect of political talks, the people of Gaza and the West Bank are falling under the sway of Islamic fundamentalism. In Gaza last week the mosques helped fan the unrest among embittered young men no longer afraid of becoming martyrs.

In the long run, Israel seems to have little choice but to make peace with its Arab subjects or face being overwhelmed by them. There are 1.4 million Palestinians in Gaza and the West Bank, plus 740,000 in Israel itself. Their high birth rate means they will outnumber Israel's 3.5 million Jews by the end of the century. "There will be no peace until the Israelis leave our land," said Shahla al Aklak, a Palestinian woman whose son was killed in the West Bank last week. "Even if we lose all our sons, the struggle will continue." That resolve has survived two decades of Israeli occupation, and neither bullets nor tear gas seems likely to destroy it. —By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by Johanna McGeary/Gaza



War zone: rock-throwing protesters confront soldiers in the occupied Gaza Strip

The mosques fanned unrest among embittered youths unafraid of becoming martyrs.

stormed the gates, chasing the demonstrators through the hospital's corridors and beating some of them bloody. Two Palestinians were shot to death in the melee.

These are days of rage in Israel's occupied territories. In the past two weeks, widespread unrest has not only turned the Gaza Strip into a war zone but also spawned strikes and violence in the West Bank and East Jerusalem. Faced with the worst riots in the territories since seizing them in the 1967 Six-Day War, Israel responded with an iron fist. Pitched battles between rock-throwing demonstrators and gun-toting soldiers left at least 17 Palestinians dead and more than a hundred wounded. Since the violence started on Dec. 8, hundreds have been arrested and detained. Denounced by the U.S. and other allies as excessive, the military crackdown has prompted soul searching at home as well as bitterness against outside criticism. Editorializing the daily newspaper *Ma'ariv*: "Israeli society is not meant to withstand bloodshed of this kind as the

the dirt streets carrying photocoped pictures of local youths who had died in the unrest. In the following days, troops attempting to disperse the demonstrators were greeted with showers of stones, iron bars and fire bombs. Soldiers were attacked by gangs of children, some as young as six, who disappeared into the labyrinthine alleyways of the refugee camps. Some troops answered the volleys of rocks with bullets in a show of force that was generally as ineffective as it was lethal. Shopkeepers joined in a strike that shuttered nearly all the stores in Gaza and some in the West Bank. Gazans who work in Israel stayed home.

In the Gaza refugee camp of Jabalia, Israeli soldiers, in an apparent effort to avoid being stoned, blindfolded two teenagers and tied them to the hoods of their jeeps. On Wednesday night Israelis were horrified by television footage of a man in civilian clothes firing an Uzi submachine gun into a crowd of rock-throwing Palestinians. He was later identified as an

NICARAGUA

Oh, Brother—Not Again!

The Ortega blunder, once more leading a boost to contra aid

Some things never change. Every year Ronald Reagan petitions a resistant Congress for renewed aid to the *contra* rebels. And every year, as the vote nears, Nicaragua's Sandinista leaders make a blunder that puts Reagan's request over the top. In 1985 Nicaragua's President Daniel Ortega Saavedra jetted off to Moscow four days after a \$14 million *contra*-aid measure had been rejected; chastened by what looked like a deliberate slap in the face, Congress reversed itself and okayed a \$27 million package. The next year a Sandinista attack on *contra* bases inside Honduras persuaded Congress to approve \$100 million. This year may be no different. A Central American peace pact should have ensured congressional rejection of new *contra* funds. But last week both Ortega and his younger brother, Defense Minister Humberto Ortega, delivered speeches that defied the spirit of the peace plan. Now renewed *contra* aid seems far more likely to be approved.

The latest Sandinista stumble began last weekend, after Managua learned that the U.S. press would carry the damning charges of a recent Nicaraguan defector, Major Roger Miranda Bengoechea, who had occupied a top post in the Defense Ministry. Hoping to pre-empt Miranda's charges of a planned military buildup, Humberto Ortega delivered a powerful speech reaffirming Sandinista plans to arm up to 600,000 Nicaraguans and obtain Soviet MiG-21 jet fighters by 1995. Unflinchingly defiant toward the U.S., Humberto thundered, "We do not need to hide our relations with the socialist camp in defense matters!"

Daniel apparently had second thoughts. The next day he told U.S. reporters that the military plans were only a "proposal" and painted instead a picture of a Swiss-style large reserve army. But Ortega was trying to have it both ways. While aiming to soothe Washington, he was playing to audiences at home, where both Miranda's charges and peace talks with the *contras* threaten to weaken Sandinista support. In a speech the same day, Ortega warned that if the Sandinistas lost an election they would step down but would lead an insurrection if they disagreed with the new government's policies. Ortega warned the opposition parties to watch their step. If the opposition gets too cozy with the *contras*, he threatened, "the people can lose their patience very quickly."

Other democratic soundings emanated from Managua. After learning that Ortega planned to ask the Supreme Court to step down, three of the seven members resigned last week, citing the government's failure to abide by the tribunal's rulings. They found particularly galling a case in which Agrarian Reform Minister

gional peace plan, found Humberto Ortega's speech "outrageous and counterproductive." Meanwhile, Miranda's Administration handlers took him to Capitol Hill to meet with congressional opponents of *contra* aid; most came away reasonably convinced of the major's credibility. Earlier, questions had arisen about Miranda's veracity. During his interrogation by U.S. intelligence agencies, he reportedly had problems passing a lie-detector test. Moreover, a senior Pentagon official admitted that aspects of Miranda's testimony were "speculative." But Humberto

Ortega's speech confirming Nicaraguan plans for a military buildup convinced most officials that Miranda's testimony was largely on track.

Reagan's propaganda victory was tarnished by other awkward questions. Why were Miranda's charges not made public before the Reagan-Gorbachev summit? Was it mere coincidence that his first meeting with journalists got under way only as the summit was drawing to an end? Various theories circulated: the Administration was afraid that Miranda's accusations might upset the goodwill summit; Gorbachev would undermine the impact of the charges by denying them; the Miranda weapon was intended solely for *contra*-aid purposes. There was also the possibility that Reagan had not yet been briefed about what Miranda would be saying.

That still left unexplained why Reagan had not pursued a vague offer from Gorbachev to stop arming the Sandinistas. The proposal came during a private eleven-minute walk around the grounds of the White House. As recounted last week by Reagan, Gorbachev expressed a willingness to withhold all military aid from the Sandinistas except for "some small arms, police-type weapons." Asked by reporters why he hadn't seized upon the offer, Reagan replied, "This is a subject we are going to be discussing for some time."

In Moscow Soviet officials called Reagan's account "at odds with reality." Foreign Ministry Spokesman Boris Pyadyshev said Gorbachev's offer had referred to all of Central America and that it provided for "reciprocal Soviet and American pledges to refrain from deliveries of weapons." That account closely matched a version given earlier in the week by Reagan's chief of staff, Howard Baker. U.S. officials made it clear that they found Gorbachev's offer unattractive and would not abandon their friends in the region. Translation: superpower involvement in Central America is not going to end anytime soon.

—By *Al Smolow*,
Reported by *Ricardo Chavira/Washington* and
John Moody/Mexico City



Managua's most powerful siblings: Humberto, top, and Daniel

Warning the opposition not to get too cozy with the rebels.

Jaime Wheelock was ordered to return a large farm to its former owner; he has not yet complied. After asking the rest of the members to resign, Ortega packed the court with his supporters. A national dialogue also collapsed last week after 14 opposition parties walked out, charging that the government had not responded to their proposals for constitutional reform. The events dulled the impact of Ortega's promise to observe a two-day Christmas truce and to send "technical advisers" to participate this week in direct talks with the *contras*.

In Washington the House of Representatives seemed inclined to provide some *contra* funding, following the Senate's approval two weeks ago of \$16 million in nonmilitary aid. Even House Speaker Jim Wright, a promoter of the re-

A Reluctant Reformer Bows Out

Husák becomes the first East bloc leader to step down voluntarily

Gustáv Husák came to power in extraordinary circumstances. He was installed as leader of Czechoslovakia's Communist Party in 1969, during the tumult of "normalization" that followed the Soviet-led invasion of his country the previous summer. Last week Husák, 74, exited under conditions that were even more extraordinary. By asking to step down as party chief and nominating fellow Politburo Member Miloš Jakes, 65, to replace him, he became the first leader in Soviet-dominated East bloc history to give up power voluntarily.

Husák retained his seat on the eleven-member ruling Politburo, as well as the largely ceremonial job of President—perquisites that would probably not have been accorded to a leader who, like his predecessor Alexander Dubček, had been forced from office. Though Husák publicly gave no reason for bowing out, he is known to be suffering from failing eyesight. He may also have wanted to be out of the limelight during the approaching 20th anniversary of Dubček's fabled Prague Spring, the months of flowering economic and political reform that preceded, and precipitated, the invasion. Worldwide recollections of that exciting era are certain to offer unflattering con-



Jakes: Will he be predictable or innovative?

trasts to the nearly two decades of harsh political repression and economic decline that stand as Husák's main legacy.

Ironically, it will be the task of his successor to undo much of that dubious bequest under pressure from a Kremlin leader, Mikhail Gorbachev, who is now promoting many of the reforms that Husák suppressed. Whether Jakes (pronounced Ya-kesh) is the right man for that job is hotly debated. A colorless Soviet-trained bureaucrat who presided over a sweeping purge in the early 1970s, he hardly qualifies as new blood. In an interview with *TIME*, Dissident Playwright

Václav Havel called Jakes a "man without a specific face, without his own ideas." On the other hand, said Havel, "in our situation any change is good." Jakes's pro-Soviet credentials suggest that he may be at least somewhat more amenable to Gorbachev's demands for reform than Husák was. In his first speech as party leader, Jakes used some of the "democratic" buzz words of the Soviet leader's reform campaign. In any case, there was little doubt that Jakes's selection had been vetted by the Kremlin. Gorbachev, who made little secret of his dislike of Husák, sent a congratulatory message to Jakes, predicting that his appointment would lead to the "further development and revival of Socialism on Czechoslovak soil." When the local party daily *Rudé Právo* published the Soviet message, however, it dropped the word *revival*, with its implied criticism of Husák.

As chairman of the Central Committee's economic council, Jakes had responsibility for drafting the modest program of economic reforms promoted under Husák. The first clue to his leadership style will be whether he maintains a tightly centralized economy or launches more ambitious innovations. A nation that was once an industrial powerhouse, Czechoslovakia is a potential showcase for reform in Eastern Europe. But will its leaders countenance a new Prague Spring as the price of attaining that status?

—By William R. Doerner,

Reported by Kenneth W. Barto/Prague

ITALY

Hitting Back

Sentences for 338 mafiosi

Even though he rattled off the sentences so rapidly that he sounded like a tobacco auctioneer, Presiding Judge Alfonso Giordano needed one hour and 40 minutes to reach the end of the list. When he finally finished, 338 members of the Mafia were sent to jail for crimes ranging from murder to drug trafficking. The remaining 114 on trial were acquitted by the eight-member court that met in a heavily guarded Palermo courtroom crowded with specially built cages to hold the 452 defendants. Thus ended, nearly two years after it had begun, the biggest Mafia trial in Italian history. Said Palermo Judge Pietro Grasso, a member of the court: "It was a landmark for law, for us and for our children."

For the first time it was the top mobster bosses—who ran a vast illicit empire financed largely by heroin sales to the U.S.—who received the longest terms. Among 19 men who received life sentences was Michele Greco, 63, nicknamed "the Pope" for his high position in the Mafia. Greco was found responsible for scores of murders, including the 1982

assassination of General Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa. Only three months before his death, Italian authorities had sent the crime-busting military man to Palermo to lead the battle against the Mafia.

The prosecution relied heavily on 14 Mafia members who broke the code of silence, known as *omertà*, to describe the organization's workings. The star witness was Tommaso Buscetta, 59, a mobster who once ran some Mafia operations in the U.S. and South America and who also testified in the "Pizza Connection" trial in New York City, which led to the conviction

of 17 drug traffickers. Buscetta described to the jury the Mafia's pyramid structure, capped by a twelve-member *cupola*, or commission, that ruled on all major gangland murders. There were plenty of those. The prosecution charged that between 1978 and 1982 the *cupola* directed a wave of terror in which some 425 people, including magistrates, police investigators and politicians, were killed in Palermo alone.

Even as the court wound up its courageous deliberations, another trial against 78 alleged mafiosi continued in the same

Palermo courtroom. Meanwhile, a new wave of killings was feared imminent: only three hours after he was acquitted of charges of international drug trafficking and Mafia association, Antonino Ciulla, 35, was gunned down in Palermo on his way to celebrate his release. Italian police also launched an investigation into the execution-style slaying of Businessman Francesco Gitto, 58, a first cousin of Matilde Cuomo, the wife of New York Governor Mario Cuomo. Gitto, a well-known figure in his hometown of Barcellona in eastern Sicily, was not known to have Mafia ties. But police said the .38-cal pistol used to kill him had been used in two other suspected Mafia homicides.



Defendants wait in courtroom cages as their fates are announced. After nearly two years, a trial that is a "landmark for law."

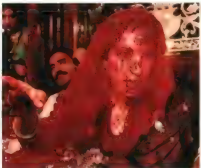
World Notes



HUMAN RIGHTS **The Archbishop**



INDIA **Victims of the 1984 Bhopal gas leak**



PAKISTAN **Bhutto and Zardari receive guests**

SOVIET UNION

Long Time No See

Just before Washington and Moscow concluded their historic accord on intermediate-range arms reductions, the talks nearly snegged over a missing photograph. The matter was hardly trivial. The treaty called for the elimination of Soviet SS-20 missiles, but nobody on the U.S. team had ever seen one. Finally, the Soviets produced a grainy Xerox of a photograph of the missile, along with a promise to send the picture itself later. It has yet to materialize. One possible reason for Moscow's reluctance: the SS-20 is identical to the first two stages of the long-range SS-25, which is not covered by the treaty.

Last week, in an apparent effort to defuse the issue, *Pravda* carried a large black-and-white photo of the SS-20. The accompanying story spoke of an "enormous, dull green cocoon with a blunted half sphere... a belly full of fuel, its sleepy snoozing head, where the explosive is concealed." Like earlier photos provided by the Soviets, the *Pravda* snapshot showed the canister encasing the SS-20, not the missile itself. The article, said a Western diplomat, "is of more literary than military value." And the West is still waiting for that photo.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Tutu the Color-Blind

Desmond Tutu, the Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town, has traveled the world denouncing apartheid, South Africa's system of official discrimination against blacks. But last week the black clergyman took aim at a different target: human rights abuses in black-ruled African countries. "It is sad that South Africa is noted for its vicious violations of human rights," Tutu told a Nairobi press conference at a meeting of the All Africa Conference of Churches. "But it is also very sad to note that there is less freedom in some independent African countries than there was in the much maligned colonial period." Tutu named no names.

INDIA

First the Fine, Then the Trial

Was it justice—or bad law? That was the question last week after an Indian district court judge ordered the Union Carbide Corp. to pay \$270 million in interim relief to the victims of the 1984 Bhopal gas leak. The disaster claimed 2,866 lives and left some 40,000 people seriously injured. In a 17-page ruling, Judge M.W. Deo argued that while "diverse loud voices" hold up a settle-

ment, the "poor gas victims" continue to suffer. The courts, he said, have "inherent powers" to administer justice.

"We are puzzled by this unprecedented legal concept," said Robert Berzok, a spokesman for Union Carbide, based in Danbury, Conn. "It amounts to awarding damages without a trial or evidence." Berzok said Union Carbide might contest the ruling in a U.S. court.

FRANCE

Home for The Holidays

Christmas came early this year for Alain Mafart, one of two French intelligence agents convicted in the 1985 sinking of the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* in Auckland, New Zealand. A Greenpeace photographer died in the blast. Mafart, who was to be confined to the French atoll of Hao until 1989, was flown to Paris on Dec. 14 to be treated for a stomach disorder. French officials say they will decide what to do with Mafart after medical tests are completed.

New Zealand Prime Minister David Lange called Mafart's evacuation a "blatant and outrageous breach" of an agreement between the two countries. A New Zealand court had earlier sentenced Mafart and Dominique Prieur, the other convicted agent, to ten years in prison after they

pleaded guilty to involvement in the bombing of the ship. The two were released into French custody on condition that they not return to mainland France for at least three years. French Premier Jacques Chirac claimed that the agreement had allowed an "automatic return to France" if either agent became ill.

PAKISTAN

Benazir Takes The Plunge

Since Opposition Leader Benazir Bhutto returned to Pakistan from exile in Britain in April 1986, her political fortunes have suffered setbacks. Now Bhutto, 34, has decided to test her luck at marriage. Last week the daughter of the late Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was wed under a rose-garlanded canopy to Asif Ali Zardari, 34, scion of a wealthy Pakistani family. The Muslim union, arranged by the families of the bride and groom, took place at the Bhutto family residence in Karachi.

The traditional-style marriage was expected, among other things, to buttress Bhutto's image as a "normal" Pakistani woman. Still, some allies were concerned that the union with Zardari, a onetime playboy, could damage Bhutto's political career. Not so, averred Bhutto, who added, "I'd certainly like to have a family."

"This treaty
represents a
landmark in
postwar
history."

Ronald Reagan

*On the intermediate
nuclear force pact*



The New York Times

REAGAN AND GORBACHEV SIGN MISSILE TREATY
AND VOW TO WORK FOR GREATER REDUCTIONS



IMAGES **1987**



"We can be proud of planting this sapling . . . But it is probably still too early to bestow laurels upon each other."

Mikhail Gorbachev

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY HELENE L. EIDER



KEVIN MAZUR/REUTERS



“This is the nearest thing

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

What's News

Reagan's
Attack on Soviet Union
Will Push the Economy
To a New High

Business and Finance
Stocks Plunge 508
Amid Panic Selling

World Wide
The Soviet Union
Is Not Expected
To Be a Major
Factor in the
Economy

Markets
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to a financial meltdown that I ever want to see.”

John Phelan

New York Stock Exchange chairman

"I assumed that the President was aware of what I was doing and had, through my superiors, approved."

Oliver North
Marine lieutenant colonel





"Liberal, moderate, conservative shouldn't apply to judging. The correct philosophy is to judge according to the intent of the legislature or the intent of the Constitution's framers."

Robert Bork

Rejected Supreme Court nominee





"It will be great for my granddaughters to say 80 years from now 'I was at the 200th anniversary of the Constitution.'"

Weldon Wilson

Descendant of Signer James Wilson





"No institution can by itself replace . . . human love or human initiative, when it is a question of dealing with the suffering of another."

Pope John Paul II

Pictured with a young AIDS victim





“They had died of suffocation. Their . . . bodies remained crouching, cuddled together, like the corpses at Pompeii.”

London Observer

On the bombing of an Afghan village by Soviet SU-17s that killed this mother and her two children



"From now on . . . there is one order of battle:
defend yourselves, defend American lives."

President Reagan
On the Gulf conflict



**“Death to America!
Death to the Soviet Union!
Death to Israel!”**

Iranian demonstrators

“Our anger at the present regime [is] no longer bearable.”

New Korea Democratic Party
After antigovernment protests led to violence



“We’ve already lost too many people and too much blood.”

Alain Rocourt
Human election official



IMAGES 1987







“The bridge flattened out—its whole arch disappeared. Imagine the Golden Gate Bridge flattened out by the weight of human beings!”

Gary Giacomini

One of those celebrating the span's 50th birthday.



1987 IMAGES

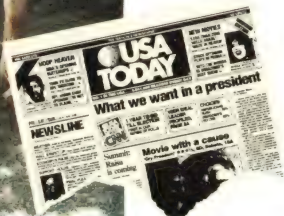
“There is nothing better for the inside of a man than the outside of a horse.”

Ronald Reagan
President



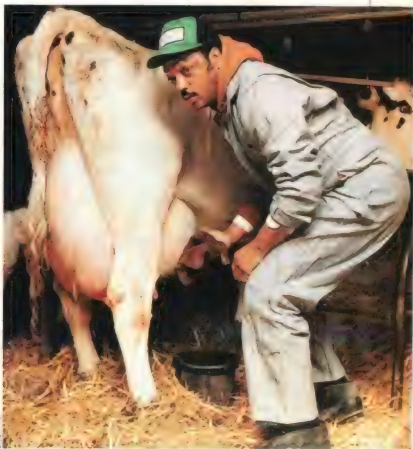
“The rule used to be ‘What am I saying?’ Now it is ‘How do I appear?’ ”

Alexander Haig
Republican contender



"I haven't been spending much time on tractors of late."

Albert Gore
Aspiring to be President



"We are reaching out, and people are responding."

Jesse Jackson
Democratic contender

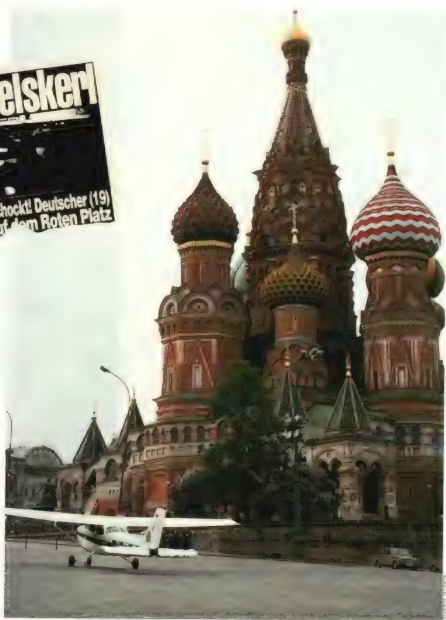




"Whatever I could do to make the ministers' job easier, I did. They represented God, and I loved God so much."

Jessica Hahn
Church secretary





“Something this unusual does not happen every day.”

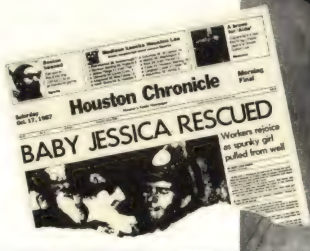
Moscow pedestrian

After Mathias Rust landed his plane in Red Square

"We were face-to-face, and those big ole eyes just stared at me . . . It was a lot like Jessica was physically being born again. She . . . had that same look on her face as a newborn."

Steve Forbes

Paramedic who emerged from a 22-ft-deep well in Midland, Texas, with the 18-month-old toddler, shown here with Fire Fighter Bill Queen





1987 IMAGES

...farewells



Fred Astaire, 88
Dancer

"The greatest dancer in the world... the most innovative, the most elegant dancer of our times. You see a little bit of Astaire in everybody's dancing."

Choreographer
George Balanchine



Henry Ford II, 70
Automaker

"My name is on the building."



Robert Fosse, 60
Choreographer

"I always thought I would be dead by 25. It was romantic. People would mourn me: 'Oh, that young career.'"



Jackie Gleason, 71
Comic

"How sweet it is!"



James Baldwin, 63
Author

"I was... determined... to die and go to Hell before I would let any white man spit on me, before I would accept my 'place' in this republic."

From *The Fire Next Time*



Erskine Caldwell, 83
Novelist

"His special talent is the utterly stranded world of the South's rural poor... He celebrates in them... the will to assert, in the midst of every privation, the basic appetites of life."

Poet Richard Wilbur



Rita Hayworth, 68
Actress

"I don't really think she knew how intensely sexy she seemed to others."

Director Howard Hawks



Arthur Burns, 83
Economist

"Anyone who is convinced that he can fine-tune the economy doesn't know what he is talking about."



William Casey, 74
CIA director

"There are some things about this scandal that he takes to the grave. Knowing Bill Casey, I think he'd prefer it that way."

Vermont Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy on the Iran-contra affair



Jascha Heifetz, 86
Violinist

"He has been in the inner ear of every violinist since at least 1930."

Isaac Stern

Rudolf Hess, 93

Nazi war criminal

"I was allowed for many years of my life to work under the greatest son that my people produced in their 1,000-year history... I regret nothing."

At the Nuremberg tribunal



Danny Kaye, 74

Comic

"Walter Mitty dreamed it. Danny Kaye lived it."

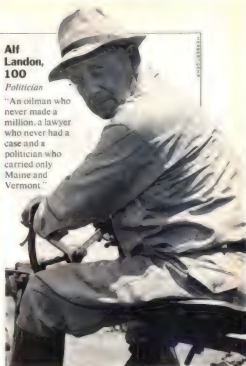
Sylvia Fine, his wife



Alf Landon, 100

Politician

"An oilman who never made a million, a lawyer who never had a case and a politician who carried only Maine and Vermont."



John Huston, 81

Director, actor

"Why does a painter keep on painting? Painters retiring? Nonsense!"

To the New York Times when asked why he went on making films



Liberace, 67

Pianist

"Onstage I'm in command. Offstage I'm not too sure... I just feel like I have nothing to back me up—no costumes, you know, no music, no rings."



Clare Boothe Luce, 84

Author, ambassador

"Because I am a woman, I must make unusual efforts to succeed. If I fail, no one will say, 'She doesn't have what it takes.' They will say, 'Women don't have what it takes.'"



Lee Marvin, 63

Actor

"If I appeal to anybody, I hope it's to the guy who collects the garbage."



Andrés Segovia, 94

Classical guitarist

"That stupid young fellow is making useless efforts to change the guitar—with its mysterious, Dionysiac nature—into an Apollonian instrument."

Madrid critic of the Segovia's 1910 debut



Robert Preston, 68

Actor

"Feathery-footed, nimble-fingered, he is brassy, sassy and seemingly inexhaustible... His portrayal of a likable cad is a fine job of acting."

"BMI" cover on The Music Man, July 21, 1958



Andy Warhol, 58

Artist

"Art? That's a man's name."



Randolph Scott, 89

Actor

"[Westerns] have been the mainstay of the industry ever since its beginning. And they have been good to me."



Harold Washington, 65

Politician

"It's our turn now."

On becoming Chicago's first black mayor



Economy & Business

Bleak Year For the Banks

Bad loans bring puny profits and 200 closures

In the days of doubt and anxiety following the stock-market crash, U.S. banks got a public vote of confidence as Americans rushed to put more of their money into nice, solid, federally insured savings and checking accounts. That was a far cry from the 1920s and '30s, when frightened investors hustled to their banks and clamored to withdraw their money. But even though angry mobs are rarely battering at their doors, today's banks and thrifts are being rocked by tremors just as dangerous as those of half a century ago.

Bad loans and rising competition are choking the profits of America's 14,300 banks, killing hundreds of small institutions and stunting the growth of larger ones. Earlier this month federal regulators closed nine insolvent banks in a single day; during all of 1987 they expect to shut down nearly 200, a post-Depression record. Says L. William Seidman, chairman of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC): "The banking industry will have its worst year since 1934."

The shaky side of the balance sheet for today's banks is not necessarily deposits but loans. The U.S. banking industry is saddled with \$59 billion worth of sour loans made to a lengthening list of troubled borrowers: developing countries, farmers, takeover artists, real estate developers, oil drillers and spendthrift consumers. While most U.S. banks can handle bad debts during good times, a recession would turn a quiet problem into a grinding one. Many more borrowers could go over the brink, along with their banks. The resulting rash of federal bailouts could strain the Government's deposit-insurance system and even turn depositors' nightmares into reality.

To prepare for that rainy day, America's banks are facing the painful task of giving up on their most hopeless loans, taking the losses now rather than putting them off. Last week Bank of Boston, the 13th largest U.S. bank, said it plans to write off \$200 million of its total \$1 billion in Third World loans and set aside \$470 million to pay for losses it might sustain on the rest. While other banks, led by New York's Citicorp, announced huge set-asides earlier this year to cover losses on Latin debt, the

Boston bank's move was the first time that a major lender had given up on such loans. The radical decision puts pressure on other banks to make similar admissions. That would be costly. If Citicorp were to cover its developing-country loans to the same extent, it would have to set aside an additional \$4.1 billion, or more than four years of profits.

Already, the limited coming-to-grips with bad loans has wiped out 1987 profits at many major U.S. banks. Analysts expect most of the largest institutions to post overall losses. Among them: Citicorp, BankAmerica, Chase Manhattan, Manufacturers Hanover and Chemical Bank. Last week Pittsburgh's troubled Mellon Bank, the twelfth-ranking U.S. institution, disclosed that it would be about \$220 million in the red for the fourth quarter, after boosting its loan-loss reserves.

The dose of reality comes just in time, for Latin debtors are less able—or willing—than ever to make their payments. Brazil (total foreign debt: \$113 billion) has refused since February to pay interest on its bank loans, though the government has said it plans to resume some payments within the next few weeks. The promise may be shaken by the resignation last week of Brazilian Finance Minister Luiz Carlos Bresser Pereira, who negotiated the payback idea. In Mexico (\$105 billion) a collapse of the stock market has triggered a financial crisis. Inflation has roared to nearly 150% a year, while the peso has plummeted. Last week the Mexican government officially devalued the peso 22%, making repayment of dollar-denominated loans more difficult for Mexican borrowers.

For the most part, developing-country debts afflict America's big-city banks, but other institutions have plenty of sour loans of their own. Plunging petroleum prices will bring more gloom to banks in the oil patch, where foreclosures and bank failures have become as common as barbed wire. Of the five bank holding companies that were Texas' biggest in 1984, only one (MCorp) remains independent, following a string of mergers with



healthier banks. Smaller oil-patch institutions have simply collapsed. On a recent afternoon in a vast yellow warehouse outside Midland, Texas, the FDIC auctioned off the repossessed assets of 24 failed state banks, including oil-rig gear, Rolex watches and a 1985 Jaguar that had been used as collateral.

The newest sheaf of bad paper is coming from real estate developers, particularly those in the Sunbelt, who built a huge overabundance of office towers, hotels and condominiums. Vacant office space amounts to an estimated 22% of the available square footage in Houston, 33% in Oklahoma City, 30% in Denver and Fort Lauderdale. A separate, over-the-horizon problem for banks could stem from their financing of corporate leveraged buyouts, in which managers borrow to the hilt to take over companies that are typically weak or vulnerable.

Banks have made shaky loans because their original blue-chip borrowers, major corporations, now often get their money elsewhere. In the past, banks could corner the lending business because they were the only financial institutions with access to credit information about borrowers. But through computers and data banks, that information is today widely available to any investor who wants to lend money. Thus major corporations can borrow by issuing so-called commercial paper, or corporate IOUs, which investment banks underwrite and trade for their corporate clients. At the same time, banks face a rising tide of competition from foreign institutions, especially aggressive Japanese lenders. In just a decade, foreign banks have increased their U.S. commercial and industrial lending from \$17 billion to \$91 billion. Discussing the growing competition, Daniel Davison, chairman of U.S. Trust, a small, upper-crust Manhattan bank, growls, "My views can be summed up in one word: dismal."

Not all banks are hurting. Many regional banks like North Carolina's Wachovia and conservative institutions like Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust are in relatively fine shape. But overall, the industry's profits are shrinking. A key ratio—profits as a percentage of total holdings, or return on assets—has dropped to a minuscule .02%, below the .7% average that prevailed earlier in the 1980s.

Troubled as life is for U.S. banks, savings and loan institutions have it worse. The 3,200 thrifts overseen by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board lost \$1.6 billion in the third quarter, more than 40 times

the \$35 million deficit they posted in that period last year. The one consolation is that the problems are concentrated; more than 60% of this year's losses came from Texas.

The upheaval in banking has produced relatively few shivers among depositors, because they know their money is backed by the Government up to \$100,000. So far the FDIC has managed to cope with its huge string of bank closings, ending the year with about \$18 billion in assets, or roughly as much as it had a year ago. The FDIC paid out a record \$3.5 billion in 1987, which was matched by the insurance premiums that member banks pay, plus interest on the agency's holdings. But the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, which backs deposits in thrift institutions, is not faring so well. Last summer Congress authorized the agency to raise an emergency \$10.8 billion in recapitalization, but the FDIC's reserves of \$2.7 billion are dwarfed by the \$40 billion or so that would be needed to bail out all the shaky thrifts.

Do banks have a strong future? Many banking leaders think their institutions can survive only if they are allowed to expand into other financial services, most notably investment banking. While it seems an inopportune time for banks to enter territory where Wall Street firms are retrenching, support is growing in Congress for a revision of the 1933 Glass-Steagall law, which prohibits banks from underwriting securities. Wisconsin's William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, hopes to lead passage of a new banking law by March. His counterpart in the House, Rhode Island's Fernand St Germain, who in the past has opposed the liberalization of banking laws, has reportedly ordered his staff to draft a bill that would give banks broad powers in securities, real estate and insurance.

For the moment, banks are scrambling to become leaner and more competitive. Citicorp, Chase, Chemical and Mellon this year slashed a total of 5,800 jobs. At the same time, many banks are raising fees for their services, including even automatic-teller withdrawals. Such moves may be painful, but they could ensure that U.S. banking does not become a money-losing proposition.

—By Gordon Bock.
Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and
Wayne Szybocka/New York

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Economy & Business



Kinneer wanted to go fishing



Liedtke lowered his demand

A Small Price to Pay

Texaco will give Pennzoil \$3 billion to end a historic row

For nearly four years, Texaco and Pennzoil have been corporate America's equivalent of Iran and Iraq, fielding armies of lawyers to pound each other with salvos of briefs and appeals. Last week the war came to an end. Both sides announced that they had reached an agreement to settle the historic dispute that drove Texaco into bankruptcy court and has already generated about \$100 million in legal fees, with more sure to come.

Under the deal Texaco will pay Pennzoil \$3 billion. That is far less than the \$10.5 billion penalty that a Texas jury ordered Texaco to give Pennzoil in 1985. The jury held that in early 1984 Texaco illegally acquired Getty Oil, which had already promised to merge with Pennzoil. But Texaco was determined to appeal the case to the U.S. Supreme Court. The stakes were frighteningly high. If Pennzoil refused to settle and then lost, it might have wound up with nothing. If Texaco lost, it would have been destroyed.

Despite strong incentives to settle the dispute at times seemed irresolvable. The bitterness peaked last April, when Texaco filed for Chapter 11 protection to avoid posting a bond to cover the jury award. Charged Texaco Chief Executive James Kinneer: "Pennzoil has placed its own greed above any consideration of fundamental fairness or the public welfare." Said Pennzoil Chairman J. Hugh Liedtke: "Maybe now we should sit back a while and see how they like bankruptcy."

The man who helped force both sides to talk was TWA Chairman Carl Icahn, better known as a raider than a mediator. In November, Icahn became Texaco's largest shareholder by gaining control of 12.3% of its stock. Then he began a round of shuttle diplomacy between Liedtke and Kinneer. Icahn knew that his holdings, plus a 2% stake in Pennzoil, would surge

in value if a deal was struck. Sure enough, as word of the settlement leaked last week, Texaco shares rose 8%, to 38½, while Pennzoil stock jumped 6½, to 79½.

But bringing the antagonists to terms was no easy task. At one point, Icahn urged Kinneer to offer a \$4 billion settlement. "You have to do something," Icahn said. "What are you going to do?" Kinneer calmly responded, "I don't know. I think I'm going fishing." Icahn retorted, "Well, when you come back, they may have taken your company away from you." Said Kinneer coolly, "Well, they won't get my fishing pole." A day later, Icahn was back to report that he had persuaded Liedtke to settle for \$3.5 billion. Kinneer still rejected the deal. "You've already saved \$500 million with one day's work," he told Icahn. "Keep at it."

In the end, it was not only Icahn but a committee of Texaco shareholders that pushed the two companies into agreeing on a \$3 billion figure. The settlement will remove the dark cloud of uncertainty that has hovered over Texaco and enable it to emerge from bankruptcy. As for Pennzoil, the money may encourage the company to go shopping for smaller oil firms. The biggest winner of all may be Texas Lawyer Joseph Jamail, who will reportedly get a \$600 million cut for leading Pennzoil's attack against Texaco.

The agreement comes not a moment too soon, because the oil industry may be facing rough times. When the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries failed last week to reach a meaningful pact to curb production, the price of oil futures plunged from \$18 per bbl. to \$15.58. If prices collapse, at least Pennzoil and Texaco can start putting their resources into the businesses again instead of into the pockets of their lawyers. —By Gordon Bock. Reported by Deborah Fowler/Houston and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Trading Places

Boesky gets three years in jail

After 13 months of anticipation and delays, Wall Street's most spectacular speculator—and insider trader—finally heard his fate. Hands clutched behind his back, Ivan Boesky, 50, listened pensively while U.S. District Court Judge Morris Lasker told a packed courtroom in Manhattan, "Criminal behavior such as Boesky's cannot go unchecked. Its seriousness was too substantial merely to forgive and to forget." With that the judge sentenced the onetime superstar investor to three years in prison for his role in the largest insider-trading scandal in history.

The sentence seemed to split the difference between harshness and leniency. The prison term was one year longer than the sentence given last February to Investment Banker Dennis Levine, who led investigators to Boesky after confessing that he and Boesky had been part of an insider-trading ring. But Boesky, who, as part of a plea bargain, admitted to one count of lying to the Securities and Exchange Commission, could have received a five-year sentence and a \$250,000 fine. Clearly the judge knocked time off because Boesky has been cooperating with investigators. Before his crimes were publicly revealed, he taped conversations with conspirators to provide evidence for prosecutors.

Still, a case could be made that Boesky got off lightly. Said Samuel Buffone, who serves on the American Bar Association's white-collar-crime committee: "You can see people convicted of relatively petty crimes being sentenced to about the same time that Mr. Boesky received for crimes involving sums of money many, many times larger." Law-enforcement officials estimate that with good behavior, Boesky will probably wind up serving no more than 20 months.



The defendant's official mug shot

Religion



Cardinals O'Connor, left, and Bernardin: amid the squabbling, fears that teenagers might conclude, "If you can't be good, be careful"

The Bishops' Split on AIDS

A controversy over condoms divides the Catholic hierarchy

However they may squabble behind closed doors, America's Roman Catholic bishops have always sought to display a united front in public, on matters ranging from nuclear arms to the U.S. economy. Last week that carefully orchestrated unity crumbled when the bishops divided over the issue of whether education on the use of condoms to limit AIDS infection is morally acceptable.

The feuding erupted over portions of a 30-page document released by the nation's bishops that seemed at least to tolerate such instruction as a lesser evil. The hierarchy's 50-member administrative board argued that public education should stress the traditional Christian virtue of abstinence from sex apart from marriage, along with avoidance of intravenous drug use, as the best and morally correct method of containing the AIDS epidemic. But, it acknowledged, in a pluralistic society some people will simply not accept such strictures. Thus, said the bishops, accurate information about prophylactic devices "as a potential means of preventing AIDS" could be included in educational programs. However, they explained, "we are not promoting the use of prophylactics, but merely providing information."

The document, adopted unanimously by the board but not completed until after adjournment of the bishops' annual meeting, took a number of prelates by surprise. Some were appalled; others found the text woefully fuzzy. Early off the mark was John Cardinal O'Connor of New York City, who called the document a "grave mistake." O'Connor, a leader of the conservative, Rome-oriented wing of U.S. Catholicism and the only clergyman on President Reagan's AIDS commission, complained that it had caused "serious confusion" among Catholics and in the

press. Conservative Cardinals John Krol of Philadelphia and Bernard Law of Boston were among the prominent churchmen registering protests.

Support for the new stand came from Joseph Bernardin of Chicago, the only Cardinal on the bishops' administrative board and a member of the panel that drafted the document. Bernardin, the chief spokesman of the more liberal wing of the U.S. hierarchy, said he was "pleased" with the new policy because it is "faithful to the Catholic doctrinal and moral tradition, and it is sensitive to the human dimensions of the issue."

A clear division emerged between the Bernardin group and Pope John Paul II's more recent conservative appointees, notably Law and O'Connor. As other bishops across the U.S. last week lined up on either side of the argument, it was widely speculated that the issue went beyond condoms and involved a struggle for ascendancy in the American church. Said Syndicated Columnist Joseph Sobran, a conservative Catholic: "It's

all come to a head in this statement."

According to church teaching, heterosexual use of condoms is wrong because it is unnatural to interfere with the act that transmits life. Though this is not the issue with homosexuals, the church does not want to appear to be condoning homosexual acts. Proponents of the new AIDS policy argue that providing information about condoms may be justified and even in keeping with moral theology in order to prevent the greater evil of spreading the lethal AIDS virus. Critics argue that it will encourage many, particularly teenagers, to believe the bishops are advising "If you can't be good, be careful."

Reaction in the Vatican, which flatly opposes condom education, ranged from silence to cold fury. "I would hope they'd get the statement straightened out soon—before Christmas," snapped a Curia staff member. If the Americans do not act, he vowed, "Rome will." But a ranking Vatican official said no quick response is anticipated. Pope John Paul's thinking may become known in February, when the first of several contingents of American bishops arrives in Rome for periodic in-person reports to the Pontiff.

—By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by Sam Allis/Rome and Jeannie Ratson/New York

Methodist Maneuvers

Issues relating to sex—and sexism—also shook the United Methodist Church last week. In Houston 48 conservative pastors issued a protest against moves to make the church more accepting of homosexual behavior and to expunge supposedly sexist references to the Trinity in worship. Replacing the phrase "Father, Son and Holy Spirit" with such feminist formulations as "Creator, Redeemer and

Sustainer," they charged, defies both Scripture and tradition. The caucus attacked a recent proposal by the national staff to drop a formal prohibition against "self-avowed, practicing homosexuals" in the clergy. Both issues promise to cause a fight in St. Louis next spring, when the 9.3 million-member denomination holds its General Conference.



Sexist Trinity?

Books

The War Against Forgetfulness

THE DROWNED AND THE SAVED by Primo Levi

Translated by Raymond Rosenthal; Summit; 203 pages; \$17.95

Eight months ago, Primo Levi leaped into the stairwell outside the fourth-floor Turin apartment where his family had lived for three generations. There was little question that he killed himself intentionally. Renzo Levi said that his 67-year-old father had been depressed: friends spoke of Levi's dark moods. Yet despair was not what the outside world detected last year after Philip Roth climbed those stairs to interview Levi in his study. "He seemed to me," wrote the American novelist, "inwardly animated more in the manner of some little quicksilver woodland creature empowered by the forest's most astute intelligence."

To say nothing of his fine nose for moral rot. Of all the witnesses who have written memorably of Nazi evils, this retired chemist at a Turin paint factory was the most discriminating. His books *Survival in Auschwitz*, *The Reawakening* and *Moments of Reprieve* read as if revenge (a dish best eaten cold, advises the proverb) were a matter of patient qualitative analysis. In *The Periodic Table* (1984), Levi even used the known basic elements as metaphors for human characteristics. His Jewish ancestors from the Piedmont, for example, resembled argon: "Inert in their inner spirits, inclined to disinterested speculation, witty discourses, elegant, sophisticated, and gratuitous discussion."

The insular world of these fathers ended with World War II. In 1943 Levi joined a band of partisans to fight Italy's Fascists and the Germans. He was captured and sent to Auschwitz, where his skills as a chemist kept him alive. He worked as a slave at a privately owned I.G. Farben laboratory, which was part of the death-camp complex.

That free enterprise can be free of all restraint is only one of the facts of life thrown out for consideration in *The Drowned and the Saved*. Levi's last writings about the unspeakable quietly fill in the blanks of a subject that is in danger of becoming an abstraction. "For the young people of the 1950s and 1960s," he observes, "these were events connected with their fathers: they were spoken about in the family; memories of them still preserved the freshness of things seen. For the young people of the 1980s, they are matters associated with their grandfathers: distant, blurred, 'historical'."

This is probably the reason that Levi seldom uses the word Holocaust, a term that has come to invite an automatic and generalized response at the expense of the particular. Levi provides the wire, barking guards, sadistic Kapos and the ovens,

which, we learn with devastating off-handedness, were manufactured by Topf of Wiesbaden, a company that went on to produce crematoria until 1975. There are also the moral zombies who planned and managed the *Lagers* (camps), and the scientists who acted in the name of higher learning. Of Miklos Nyiszli, a Hungarian physician and chief doctor of the Birkenau SS, Levi writes dryly, "Nyiszli was



Excerpt

"Anyone who did not make his bed properly... was punished publicly and savagely. Furthermore, in every barracks there existed a pair of functionaries, the *Bettmachezieher* ('bed after-pullers,' a term that I believe does not exist in normal German), whose task it was to check every single bed and then take care of its transversal alignment. For this purpose, they were equipped with a string the length of the hut: they stretched it over the made-up beds, and rectified down to the centimeter any possible deviations."

supposed to devote himself in particular to the study of twins: in fact, Birkenau was the only place in the world where it was possible to study the corpses of twins killed at the same moment."

Most of what passed for life in the *Lagers* took place in what Levi calls the "gray zone," an area of collaboration with the persecutors that, adds the author, "contains within itself enough to confuse our need to judge." Some jobs brought a prisoner an added ration of soup, perhaps the difference between starvation and survival. Levi absolves the sweepers, kettle washers, night watchmen, lice checkers and bed smoothers, those "who exploited to their minuscule advantage the German fixation about bunks made up flat and square." Mercy is more strained for the Kapos, who were in charge of barracks and work details and whose own lives frequently depended on the ferocity they displayed toward their fellow prisoners. Throughout the Reich, the Nazi system spawned flunkies of almost opera-bouffe dimensions. The megalomaniacal Chaim Rumkowski, a failed Jewish industrialist who, probably with Nazi support, set himself up as the president of the Lodz ghetto, had the power to print his own currency and stamps bearing his portrait. In the end Rumkowski came to believe he was the savior of his people, who nevertheless were shipped to the camps when the Germans liquidated the ghetto in 1944. According to one version of Rumkowski's fate, he demanded and got a special car to transport him and his family to Auschwitz, where, to his surprise, his reign ended in the gas chamber.

Levi is obsessed with the structure of complicity that made the *Lagers* run. The camps were literally concentrated worlds where pain, humiliation, fear and base human nature were intensified. To the familiar images of families tumbling out of boxcars to be greeted officially by insults and clubbings, Levi adds the reception that older prisoners gave to new arrivals. "Rarely was a newcomer received. I won't say as a friend but at least as a companion-in-misfortune: in the majority of cases, those with seniority... showed irritation or even hostility."

The Nazis aimed at the complete moral collapse of their victims, because a degraded people would do the dirty work of their tormentors, and because those deprived of their humanity could be tortured and killed without unduly disturbing the sensibilities of their murderers. Levi's logic leads him to burdensome conclusions, not the least of which is that the saved were not the best but the worst, "the selfish, the violent, the insensitive, the collaborators of the 'gray zone.'" Levi's troubled honesty is not what usually gets hailed as a triumph of the human spirit. His work dispels such clichés: it is a victory, against great odds, for the preservation of memory.

—By R.Z. Sheppard

Rise and Fall

WINTER

by Len Deighton
Knopf: 571 pages; \$19.95

Like fiddlers who want to conduct and comedians who yearn to play Hamlet, thriller writers sometimes show symptoms of hankering after respectability. John le Carré has handled this problem by surrounding his plots with a Jamesian density of details and implications. Now Len Deighton, known to millions of readers as the author of *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin*, has, temporarily at least, given up suspense altogether.

Winter deals fictionally with the rise and fall, and then the rise and fall again, of Germany during the first 45 years of the 20th century. This vast subject is interesting in a number of ways, although a sense of surprise is not one of them: nearly everyone knows how World Wars I and II turned out. Deighton's purpose is not to astound but to explain. He meticulously traces the lives of two brothers, the sons of a wealthy Berlin financier and his beautiful American wife. Peter Winter is the elder by three years; Paul, born in 1900, is a "child of the new century." One brother, inevitably, will become a Nazi, while the other will not. In his prologue, Deighton warns that the Winter brothers "had lived through a series of episodes, most of which were frustrating and unsatisfactory."

The novel is considerably better than that bleak forecast promises. Certain scenes are vivid and memorable: a zeppelin raid over London achieves an eerie, horrifying beauty. And as the brothers' paths diverge in the 1920s, Deighton skillfully displays the tangled politics and passions that were leading Germany toward another disaster.

But characters burdened with the necessity of being typical have a hard time simply being themselves. Peter and Paul are so busy representing alternate responses to stimuli that they seem ganglions rather than real folks.



Deighton

Deighton can rarely resist the temptation to point out the big issues behind his narrative. He interrupts a scene of trench warfare with a sweeping comment on some of the combatants: "They were Germans, and their readiness to obey instructions was a measure of their civilization, and their tragedy."

Still, *Winter* is a relatively painless way to absorb a great deal of information. Those who feel guilty wasting their time on made-up stories can assuage their consciences with Deighton's exhaustive supply of names, dates and places that mattered. Or they might wait for the mini-series for which this sprawling novel seems tailor-made.

—By Paul Gray



The composer-performer in Nashville: a welcome whiff of the backwoods

Music

Traveling Without a Map

Pianist John Jarvis brings a dose of funk to the New Age

It is not really his fault, mind, but some confusion has always attended John Jarvis' music. When he was pumping the piano in Rod Stewart's band, he bore down hard on the rockers. Then he would slip on down the street to another recording studio and move gently along the keys for an Art Garfunkel ballad. When Stewart and Garfunkel once got to comparing the merits of their favorite keyboardists, it took them a while to realize that they were both talking about Jarvis.

When Jarvis, 33, finally sat down to play some of the tunes he had worked up over the years, a publisher pal said that with lyrics added, they would be surefire pop hits. A year later another publisher said, "That's not pop, that's country." So Jarvis took his family and left Los Angeles for Nashville, where he burnished his tunes some more before playing them for the folks at MCA Records. "That's not country," they said, "that's jazz."

"I don't even know what it is anymore," says the composer-performer, but at least MCA signed him up. So far, it has released two inventive, ebullient Jarvis albums, hedging the corporate bets by including them in a series being marketed as New Age music. Jarvis' lilting, funky compositions do not fit very snugly in this category either. But if New Age is background music for fern bars, Jarvis brings to the genre a welcome whiff of down home and the backwoods.

Wide Open Spaces, the new single off the second album, *Something Constructive*, is making waves on both the country and "adult contemporary" charts. Jarvis, just finishing a tour, has already started

work on a third record, playing, as usual, all keyboards and drum machines himself. Songs like *Scrumptious Cider: A View from Above* and *Dancing by Candlelight* have country tunes, rock overtones and jazz underpinnings that all work together to make the music go down easy and linger a good long while.

A native of Pasadena, Calif., Jarvis made his first musical appearances as an aspiring classical pianist, sporting heavy horn-rims and a bowl haircut. He quit as soon as his parents would let him—at 14—and a year later dropped out of high school to scuffle around on the Los Angeles music scene. He was playing with Stewart by the age of 20, rocking out in performance, then going home at night to write "these real melodic, pretty songs." The fact that he finally has those songs out on record still does not entirely dispel confusion over what kind of music this is. Ask Jarvis about a jazzman like, say, Keith Jarrett, and he will profess great admiration, then add, "I feel closer to Floyd Cramer."

Cramer, of course, was a very uptown kind of country keyboard man, and Jarvis admits, "I'd like to be an instrumental guy for this new country music. The kind of stuff Hank Williams Jr. and Steve Earle do." Fair enough. That is country music without clear borders, and Jarvis has started to do just fine traveling without a map. After another record or two, maybe he will not have to keep showing his passport. By then, enough people should have come around to recognizing the territory Jarvis can already call his own.

—By Jay Cocks

Reported by Elizabeth L. Blain/Nashville

It's good for you. It's bad for you. It causes cancer. It prevents cancer. It makes you more fertile. It makes you less fertile. You should get on it. You should get off it.

All the conflicting information floating around about the Pill is enough to make you contemplate abstinence. We recommend a far less drastic measure: educate yourself. Gather all the information you can from reliable sources and, together with your doctor, make the decision that's right for you.

Here are a few facts to start you off. First, the Pill is actually many

using the Pill. Even so, they usually become pregnant soon.

Some women wonder if their bodies need an occasional rest from the Pill. The simple truth is, they don't. And switching to a less effective form of birth control increases your chances for unplanned pregnancy. So much for giving your body a "rest."

TRUTHRUMOR

pills. Since its introduction in 1960, it's evolved from one high dosage product into many much lower in dosage. From 150 mcgs. of estrogen in 1960, down to 35 or less today. Yet, it's still the most effective form of birth control available to you other than sterilization.

What about the Pill and cancer? The Center for Disease Control has recently reported that women who took the Pill—even for 15 years—ran no higher risk of breast cancer than women who didn't.

The CDC also reported that ovarian and uterine cancer are substantially *less* common among women who use oral contraceptives. In addition, Pill users are less likely to develop benign breast disease, pelvic inflammatory disease (tubal infections) and ovarian cysts.

One of the Pill's greatest areas of misconception is conception. Does the Pill make you less fertile? Studies indicate that if you were fertile before you took the Pill, taking it should not affect your ability to have children later. However, some women may experience a short period of readjustment after discontin-

ing the Pill. Even so, they usually become pregnant soon.

Some women wonder if their bodies need an occasional rest from the Pill. The simple truth is, they don't. And switching to a less effective form of birth control increases your chances for unplanned pregnancy. So much for giving your body a "rest."

Whether you're considering getting off the Pill or getting on it, the better informed you are, the better you'll feel about your decision.

And that's the truth.

And that's the truth.

When the topic is the Pill, they're hard to separate.

A message from the Association of Reproductive Health Professionals through an educational grant from Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation.

Living



Archer fields calls from her busy desk at Chicago's Ritz-Carlton hotel

Those Magicians at the Desk

More women are joining the ranks of concierges in U.S. hotels

The job description includes the ability to find a dentist who will pull a tooth late on a Saturday night, round up a photographer to shoot a corpse, book a flight out of a city shut down by snow, arrange blood tests for a wedding, deliver 24 rolls of dental floss to a rock band at midnight—with no questions asked. Welcome to the world of the modern-day hotel concierge—part detective, travel agent, secretary and magician. In medieval Europe, concierges were simply doorknockers. Today's concierges are polished executive servants who are called upon to fulfill a traveler's every whim, often even if it is outrageous or eccentric. In a field once dominated by men, more and more concierges are women.

The professional concierge began to grow in popularity in America in the early '70s, when luxury San Francisco hotels provided the service to their increasingly sophisticated travelers. Today there are some 1,000 concierges, 120 of whom are registered with Les Clefs d'Or, the prestigious international association whose members wear crossed-key pins on their uniform lapels. Explains Jack Nargil, 39, president of the American chapter and chief concierge at the Four Seasons hotel in Washington: "People want service in a great hotel. Guests become loyal to people, not buildings." All across the U.S., hotels are hiring concierges as part of the "amenities war" to win loyal customers.

In Europe a hotel concierge is usually a man in his 50s who has climbed the hotel ranks to win the powerful, lucrative job; but in the U.S. about half the concierges are women. James Marquart, president of the New York State Hotel

and Motel Association, finds women more sociable than men, with a better grasp of fine points like the ambience of a restaurant. He also points out that women are more resourceful shoppers. "They have a feel for where things are," says Marquart. "If someone asked me where Tiffany is, I would have to look it up. A woman would know."

For the young career seeker of either sex, money is a draw. Salaries can run from \$20,000 to \$35,000 a year, plus gen-



Nargil attends to the capital's guests

Crossed keys are a symbol of service.

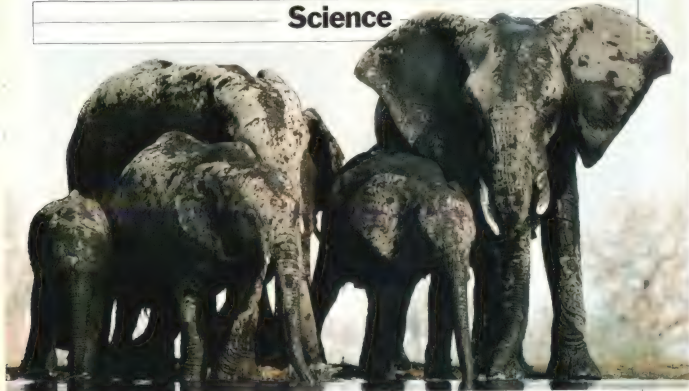
erous tips. Providing such routine services as travel arrangements, sight-seeing tours, secretaries, translators and after-hours tailors and florists brings in respectable gratuities. Prestidigitation—securing tickets to a sold-out play-off game or making last-minute reservations at the hottest restaurant—can earn a hefty \$100. Gifts from satisfied guests are not uncommon. "I never have to do any Christmas shopping," says Bettye Bradley, 61, of the Grand Hotel in Washington. "All I have to do is rewrap my gifts." Free meals, tickets, liquor and perfume also come from those eager for guest referrals. There is no doubt the job has growing clout. "We can basically make or break a restaurant," boasts Donna Eller at the Sheraton Grande in Los Angeles.

A good concierge keeps personal or computer files on the habits of regular guests, but the job has its hurdles. Bradley was able to find a dentist one Saturday night for Tennessee Williams. For Katharine Hepburn, a favorite guest who insisted on brown eggs, she traveled daily to a special market. Diana Nelson, 40, at the Hyatt on Union Square in San Francisco, recalls searching for a section of the city that looked like Taiwan for an advertising shoot. And then there were the ox gallstones requested by a Japanese businessman who believed they had healing qualities. At Chicago's Ritz-Carlton, Maureen Archer, 22, a recent college graduate, has learned to adjust to the unusual. "One gentleman wanted a plastic palm tree," she says. "I have no idea what he was going to use it for. I don't really ask too many questions." NolaCarol Murfree, 38, concierge at the Plaza hotel in Manhattan, has rarely been stumped by a request, perhaps because of her attitude. "I'll find anything that makes a guest happy, as long as it is legal," she says. "The thrill is in the hunt; the fun is in the finding."

Invariably, there are requests for so-called escort services. Some concierges refer guests to the yellow pages; others explain that such information is not supplied by the hotel desk. Direct propositions are turned away politely but firmly. Most exasperating of all are the guests who change their minds after a concierge has mortgaged his or her reputation to procure a pair of orchestra seats. "You say, 'I'm terribly sorry you won't be able to make it,'" says Cassandra Rafalco, 28, at the St. Regis Sheraton in New York City. "Then you hang up the phone, go to the ladies' room, and start screaming and bouncing off the walls." Eugenio Chingio, chief concierge at the nearby Plaza Athénée, agrees: "You must be very patient, always smiling, even if sometimes you want to kill the person." Fortunately, there is always a more distracting challenge waiting on the next phone call.

—By Martha Smilgis
Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington

Science



Scene of sculptural splendor: protected African elephants pause for a drink in Namibia's Etosha National Park

JERRY AND JILL BARTLEY

Happy 100, National Geographic

For armchair roamers, the magazine remains a window on the world

In the beginning, there was stodginess. When the 33 charter members of the National Geographic Society first met on Jan. 13, 1888, at Washington's musty Cosmos Club, their mission was to spur the "increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge." The hidebound organization founded by these scientists, bankers, lawyers and educators allowed "gifts to natives" as legitimate expenses; it waited until 1964 before permitting men and women to eat together in its main cafeteria. Still, the society's flagship, the yellow-bordered *National Geographic* magazine, which is now distributed in 167 countries, eventually came to rival Mom and apple pie as an American icon. Before skin flicks and magazines became commonplace, *National Geographic* offered generations of boys their first opportunity to oggle bare-breasted women—though the breasts were almost always African or Asian, rarely Caucasian. Even today the magazine is squirreled away each month like precious treasure by many of the society's 10.5 million

members, who boast floor-sagging collections and trade back copies until they are tattered.

For all its hoary ways, however, the National Geographic Society has been a noteworthy force in scientific innovation. As it prepares to celebrate its 100th anniversary with a centennial issue of the magazine, scientific symposiums and special exhibits in Washington, it can look back on a distinguished record of accomplishment. Since 1890 it has helped fund some 3,300 research projects and expedi-

tions, from Commander Robert Peary's 1909 trek to the North Pole to Marine Geologist Robert Ballard's 1986 exploration of the wreck of the *Titanic*. The society was the first American publisher to set up a color photo lab (1920), the first to feature underwater color photographs (1927), and the first to print a hologram, or three-dimensional photograph (1984).

National Geographic maps have long set the standard for cartography. They are so accurate that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill reportedly followed the progress of World War II on them. Under the direction of Chief Cartographer John B. Garver Jr., the map department entered the computer age in 1983 with the acquisition of a special-

ized computer that enables mapmakers to modify roads, rivers, borders and country names without wholesale revision. Subscribers now receive six poster-size maps a year, each produced by the society's 130 researchers and mapmakers at a cost of \$1 million.

True to its charter, the society is also developing educational video disks, and has produced a board game, *Global Pursuit*, as part of a ten-year program to restore geographic literacy to U.S. schoolchildren. Its steady



Exotic heritage: editor atop Everest; Micronesian stick dancer in full flower

output of adventure and scientific programming for television will reach more than 100 hours next year. Says C.D.B. Bryan, author of the centennial volume, *The National Geographic Society: 100 Years of Adventure and Discovery* (Abrams; \$45): "The National Geographic is not at all what we remember. It's not the old lady it used to be."

The society's second president, Alexander Graham Bell, who in 1898 succeeded his father-in-law Gardiner Greene Hubbard, set the tone for the enterprise by declaring, "The world and all that is in it is our theme." When Bell hired his future son-in-law, a schoolteacher named Gilbert Hovey Grosvenor, 23, to run the magazine in 1899, the young man catered to snob appeal by soliciting "nominations for membership" instead of subscriptions. The device eventually created the largest nonselective society in the world. Grosvenor's grandson Gil now serves as president of the nonprofit society, which last year showed an estimated \$370 million in revenues.

The magazine pioneered the use of photographs to take its members vicariously to the most remote corners of the earth. The society was not above using a little clout to get its photos. In 1905 it published 138 pictures of the Philippines that were so popular the magazine had to go to a second printing. Source of the pictures: a U.S. War Department report, courtesy of Secretary of War William Howard Taft, who happened to be Editor Grosvenor's cousin. On occasion, *National Geographic* has not lied verisimilitude stand in the way of a good picture either. Editors laying out the February 1982 cover on Napoleon's life and campaigns used a computer to shift the position of one of the Egyptian pyramids in a photograph so it would fit better within the cover's format. The magazine's content has also been marred by political naiveté. Perhaps the most distressing instance: a glowing feature on Hitler's Germany that was published in 1937, on the eve of World War II.

Despite such embarrassments, the society's real achievement has been to bring the world and the marvels of scientific discovery to its readers, who for years have followed the adventures of such favorites as French Undersea Explorer Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Chimpanzee Expert Jane Goodall. Says Paleontologist Richard Leakey, another society beneficiary: "The Geographic's foundation funding has contributed more than any other organization in bringing about an understanding of early man." The magazine's greatest strength is the exceptional sense of intimacy it shares with its readers, as well as its simple, first-person style. *60 Minutes* Correspondent Morley Safer habitually packs issues of the magazine whenever he heads off to unfamiliar parts of the globe. Says he: "If it's somewhere you've never been to before, *National Geographic* can be pure gold—just to get a sniff of the place." —By Dick Thompson/Washington

Sport



At the board, a study in contrasts: the challenger, left, and the champion last week

Virtuoso Performance in Seville

In a brilliant finale, Kasparov retains the world chess title

Even for devoted fans, the two-month-long world chess championship in Seville had been something of a sleeper. The games had been mostly lackluster, with all but six of the first 22 ending in a draw, as the two Soviet opponents reined in their simmering disdain for each other. But last week the chess world came awake with a jolt.

In Game 23, a stunned Gary Kasparov, 24, the world champion since 1985, was forced to concede after making an amateurish blunder. With that, Challenger and former Champion Anatoly Karpov, 36, took a 12-11 lead. To keep his crown, Kasparov had to win the 24th and final game. A draw would give him only half a point, and would allow Karpov to regain the title that he had surrendered to Kasparov two years earlier. But in the tense match game, with an astonishing virtuosity, Kasparov forced Karpov to resign. That left the final count tied at 12 and meant he retained his championship. The feat had the capacity crowd of 700 in the ornate Teatro Lope de Vega offering a 20-minute standing ovation. One expert called it the "most dramatic finish ever seen in world-championship chess."

The match was just the latest installment in the bitter rivalry between the "two Ks," as the competitors are known. The two are a study in chess contrasts. The athletic Kasparov favors flamboyant attacks and unusual defenses. Karpov, on the other hand, plays the game as though he were dissecting a microchip. In his newly published autobiography, *Child of Change*, Kasparov claims that he is a living example of the new Soviet *glasnost* and Karpov is a hidebound apparatchik. Karpov, who became champion by de-

fault after Bobby Fischer gave up the crown in 1975, has dismissed these charges as merely "part of prematch psychological warfare."

At the board, the acrimony between the two Ks could melt pawns. Their first championship contest, in Moscow in September 1984, with an exhausted Karpov leading 5-3, ended when officials of the World Chess Federation, the sport's ruling body, stopped play for "medical" reasons. Kasparov's loud complaints about political favoritism fell on deaf ears. In their next meeting, nine months later, the challenger got his revenge. He became, at 22, the youngest champion in history. Last year in Leningrad, he retained the title, beating Karpov by one point.

In Seville both players were showing signs of strain and had made elementary errors. Although Kasparov's dangerously careless play in Game 23 had badly unnerved him, he regained his composure for the final meeting last Friday. The defending champion opened the contest with an uncharacteristically conservative strategy designed to build an advantage slowly. The tactic seemed to wear down Karpov, who was short of time. When play resumed on Saturday after an adjournment, the champion methodically advanced his queen into the challenger's territory. It took just 24 moves for Kasparov to renew his hold on the title.

Afterward the weary opponents shook hands and stayed onstage for several minutes discussing the game. But the two Ks' show is hardly over. In 1990 the *glasnost* man must defend his title. His opponent? Don't bet against the door "apparatchik."

—By L.D. Reed

Reported by Jane Walker/Madrid



Three places
my family
uses DOME
record keeping books:



At Home

The Home Budget Book makes it easy for families to set up and stick to budgets. This complete financial guide includes budgeting hints, valuable tax tips and a year's worth of forms. It's not dated, so you can start anytime. Other Dome Books help you keep track of personal property and securities.



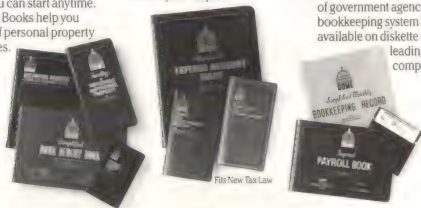
On the road

Designed by a CPA to provide "adequate records" for business expenses, the Travel Expense Records are especially timely considering the recent changes in the tax laws. The books include schedules for auto, travel and entertainment expenses arranged in a simple and easy-to-keep format.



In the office

Dome's Bookkeeping and Payroll Records are simple and easy to use for any type of business. They have been used by small businesses for over 45 years and have earned the valued respect of government agencies. The bookkeeping system is now available on diskette for most leading personal computers.



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EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW

A CNN documentary on TIME's Man of the Year.

Who will be TIME's Man of the Year for 1987? This year, CNN viewers will get a special preview in a fast-moving 30-minute documentary.

"Man of the Year"

Saturday, Dec. 26, 7:00 p.m. EST

Sunday, Dec. 27, 10:30 p.m. Pacific Time

"Man of the Year" will explore the world of the man or woman chosen by TIME as "the person who has done the most to affect our world for good or ill" in 1987.

Who's your choice for Man of the Year? TIME's editors have made theirs—now watch CNN's special preview to see if you agree.

This weekend on **CNN**



Debate over Special Prosecutors

Have they become weapons in a contest of power?

Call it the Week of the Special Prosecutor. The guilty verdict in the case of former White House Aide Michael Deaver was the first obtained by an independent counsel since the Ethics in Government Act formalized the terms of the job a decade ago. One day before the conviction, a reluctant Ronald Reagan signed into law a bill extending the counsel provisions of the ethics measure for five years. Meanwhile, Washington was bracing itself for the possibility of a raft of criminal indictments in another probe by a special prosecutor: the Iran-*contra* investigation.

After the extension passed both houses of Congress by sizable majorities, Reagan had little choice but to sign it, despite what he called "strong doubts about its constitutionality." Rejecting the measure would have been especially awkward for the President, since some of those under investigation are among his closest cronies. The Deaver verdict was a victory for Whitney North Seymour Jr., a former U.S. Attorney in Manhattan who was appointed special prosecutor in May 1986. After the verdict, Seymour, himself a Republican, lashed out at the Reagan Administration for its lack of ethical leadership. Without such a guiding example, he said, the best that special prosecutors can do is "put a thumb in the dike."

In addition to Lawrence Walsh, a Wall Street lawyer who is handling the Iran-*contra* probe, two other independent counsel are at work on investigations:

- Washington Trial Lawyer James McKay is preparing for the January trial of his influence-peddling case against former White House Political Aide Lyn Nofziger, who, like Deaver, left the White House to become a Washington lobbyist. In a related investigation, McKay is looking into Attorney General Edwin Meese's links to the Wedtech Corp., one of Nofziger's clients. Meese is also being investigated by Walsh.

- Independent Counsel Alexia Morrison has spent a year and a half exploring accusations that former Assistant Attorney General Theodore Olson gave false testimony to Congress in 1983 about the withholding of Environmental Protection Agency documents from a House investigating committee.

Another probe was quietly closed last week without charges being filed. James Harper, a seasoned tax litigator, had been looking into the finances of former Assistant Attorney General W. Lawrence Wallace.

The Ethics in Government Act of 1978 institutionalized the job that Archi-

bald Cox and Leon Jaworski carried out in Watergate—investigating and prosecuting alleged wrongdoing by senior Government officials in the Executive Branch. With memories of Richard Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre still fresh, Congress aimed to make any future independent counsel more autonomous. It re-



Seymour's court victory was a first

Raising a ruckus about Washington ethics.

quired that they be appointed by a special panel of three federal judges and shielded from arbitrary presidential dismissal. It was left to the Attorney General, however, to decide, after an initial investigation, whether the accusations were sufficiently credible to justify such an appointment.

In the revised law signed by the President, Congress has reined in some of the Attorney General's power. This was in response to some lawmakers' complaints against Meese. "This Attorney General has abused his discretion," says Senate Democrat Carl Levin of Michigan. A number of legislators claim that Meese employed delaying tactics in the Olson case. They also charge that he shielded two Justice Department colleagues from the inquiry. Meese said he did so on the ground that he lacked evidence of their

intent to commit a crime. The revised law severely restricts the Attorney General's authority to use such "state of mind" arguments to block a probe. The measure also requires him to disqualify himself in any case involving someone with whom he has a "current or recent personal or financial relationship."

Critics charge that the independent counsel have become weapons in the contest for power between Congress and the White House, turning political disputes into criminal procedures and creating runaway investigations that cost too much, take too long and sometimes ride roughshod over other compelling aims of Government. In the Deaver case, for instance, Independent Counsel Seymour injected himself into U.S. relations with Canada when he tried to subpoena Canadian Ambassador Allan Gotlieb to testify about his government's consultations with Deaver over acid rain. His actions infuriated the State Department and provoked diplomatic protests from Canada.

In separate court challenges, Deaver, Lieut. Colonel Oliver North and Nofziger have all tried, unsuccessfully so far, to have federal courts declare the independent-counsel law unconstitutional. A fourth challenge is pending in federal appeals court, stemming from the investigation of Olson. In August the Justice Department took a stand on the Olson case, filing a brief in which it argued, for the first time officially, that the law is unconstitutional.

Meese's department claims that the statute improperly assigns to the Judiciary powers of appointment that the Constitution reserves for the President. Supporters of the law reply that the "appointments clause" of the Constitution gives Congress the option of allowing courts to appoint certain "inferior officers." They say that description applies to independent counsel, who are appointed for a single task to serve for a temporary and limited period. Opponents say otherwise. An independent counsel, says Griffin Bell, Attorney General under Jimmy Carter, "has unbridled power and unfettered discretion to prosecute."

A decision on the Olson challenge is expected shortly, but the outlook for the Administration is not promising. A lower-court ruling in the case upheld the law. The Supreme Court, which may have to decide the matter in the end, has generally favored a flexible interpretation of the separation of powers. The revised law will make appointment of future prosecutors easier to accomplish. "I see a lot more independent counsel roaming around," predicts Assistant Attorney General John Bolton. The Week of the Special Prosecutor may be just a preview for the Year of the Special Prosecutor, in 1988.

—By Richard Lucaya,
Reported by Anne Constable/Washington

Cinema



Cronauer (Williams) and the troops: a hip new draftee audience of kids who need back-home radio fare

Motormouth in Saigon

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM Directed by Barry Levinson
Screenplay by Mitch Markowitz

Adrian Cronauer is a military misfit. As protagonist of the first major service comedy about Viet Nam—and what sometimes seems to be the last, dead-on surreal word on the subject—he appears in Saigon in 1965 out of uniform and out of step with army manners, protocol and discipline. An irrepressibly irreverent motormouth, he is unable to fit the format of Armed Forces Radio (basically hygiene lectures and Mantovani records), where he is the new disk jockey.

Robin Williams is a movie misfit. As the decade's reigning comic soloist, master of the improvised trip through his own weird inner space, he generally arrives onscreen bearing the burden of our heightened hopes for a divine madness. Up to now, his genius has not fit any known film format. Narrative obligations and the implicit demand that leading characters be sane, likable and consistent have always constrained him.

There is all sorts of good news about *Good Morning, Vietnam*, in which these two semifictional figures meet and merge. The film is the best military comedy since *M*A*S*H* disbanded. The reason is that it is not afraid to work the extremes. Sometimes it is on the edge of hysteria. At others it can approach the fringe of sentiment. But wherever it stands, it is sure-footed and strong-minded—no easy laughs, no easy tears.

It takes nothing away from the film-

makers to say that most of the movie's confidence derives from Williams. He obviously knows that in Cronauer he has finally found a meaty role. At last, the great monologist gets to play—a great monologist. Not that so bland a term suggests Adrian's full commitment to outrageous verbal behavior or the lunacy of his situation. The massing of troops as the war begins to escalate implies the massing of a hip new draftee audience, kids who need, among other things, the kind of radio fare they were used to back home.

But what suits them is, as far as the authorities are concerned, off limits. There are traffic reports of water buffalo jackknifed on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. There are appearances by a jungle fashion consultant, a little light in his combat boots, who advises the troops to eschew camouflage on the ground that if you are in a clash with the enemy, it is chic to clash with your surroundings too. Then there is the profoundly unintelligent intelligence officer who discerns no marijuana problem in Viet Nam because everyone has plenty of the stuff.

These hilarious turns are just Adrian's fictional voices. He also does impressions of everyone from Walter Cronkite to Elvis Presley. In between, he keeps making these curious analogies between the position of the G.I. in Viet Nam and Dorothy in the Land of Oz. And, no, one had not

observed until Adrian pointed it out just how much the voice of Richard M. Nixon resembles that of Mr. Ed.

Plenty of less clean material spews out when he is on one of his rolls. One feels compelled to credit much of this material to Williams instead of Screenwriter Mitch Markowitz. But he has created a smart and intricate context for the star. The station's staff constitutes a sort of awkward squad of the airwaves, commanded by Lieut. Hauk (Bruno Kirby, who lifts nerdiness to a new comic plain), but anchored in patient decency by Private First Class Garlick (Forest Whitaker, who lovingly redefines the straight man's role).

But, of course, outside the comfy studios the war is sneaking ever closer. At first it is not much more than a remote rumor to these civilians in uniform, a telex clattering more and more bad news that the censors will not let them report. But soon there is terrorism in Saigon's streets, a terrorist in Adrian's life, even terror in his heart when a reportorial mission in the field goes awry. Both compassion and panic invade his routines. Director Barry Levinson (*Diner*, *Tin Men*) has always been good at wiring comic asides to a delay fuse, but this entire movie works on that principle. You may be out on the sidewalk before you realize that these are not just broadcasters. They represent the confused voices of all America registering shock as solid-seeming ground turns to quagmire. You may be all the way home before you realize you may have seen not just the comedy (and the comic performance) of the year, but just possibly the most insinuatingly truthful movie yet about Viet Nam.

—By Richard Schickel

Playtime for Gonzo

Robin Williams stalks a concert stage, conning inspiration from the ether. In a nightclub, a customer's name will spark a from-nowhere verbal riff. And in the course of an hour's interview, he will miraculously inhabit the skewed brains of two dozen apparitions. Among them: a meat-eating Mahatma Gandhi, Gomer Pyle with a case of VD, Elvis Presley drafted for Viet Nam, *Wheel of Fortune's* Pat Sajak and, of course, a singing hunchback. Here is Williams speaking about his role as *Good Morning, Vietnam's* gonzo deejay: "God, it can't get any more right than, this! If this isn't the right part, then there's nothing. I'll be doing game shows. I'll be saying land here he imitates Sajak!, 'Show me the vowels!' I'll be playing third hunchback in the musical of *Notre Dame*. [Sings in operetta style:] 'Look out, he's going./ He's got a hunch.'"

The uncaged onstage Williams contains multitudes—a Sybil's worth of funny, fractured personalities. The man who was Mork, on TV's sitcom smash of the late '70s, can switch in nanosecond from an infant's helium singsong to Elmer Fudd as Bwooce Spwingsteen. This glossolalic gift can give the listener a high and a headache; it is that quick, sharp and scary. Scars Williams too. "When it works," says the Chicago-born comic, 36, "it's like... freedom! Suddenly these things are coming out of you. You're in control, but you're not. The characters are coming through you. Even I'm going, 'Whoa!' It's that Zen lock. It's channeling with Call Waiting."

As a movie star, though, Williams was on Call Waiting for the worse part of this decade. Fresh from *Mork & Mindy*, he starred in Robert Altman's *Popeye*. "It was a painful experience," he recalls. "We were on location for six months, the weather was awful, we were running out of money, and the sets were underwater. It was *Apocalypse Now* in Malta." Subsequent films were a little like *Stardom When? The World According to Garp* domesticated John Irving's novel and neutered Williams' wild talent. *The Survivors* set him up as the butt of a gun-crazy satire. *Moscow on the Hudson* gave him a Russian accent, at least, but too often the movie went soft, like spun-sugar quicksand. In *The Best of Times*, Williams went Chaplinesque—Geraldine, alas, not Charlie—as a weak geek trying to validate youthful dreams of football glory. And *Club Paradise* cast him as the ringmaster of a clown caravan. No fair: other guys got to be funny. And not funny: *Popeye* remains his biggest box-office hit to date.

Something was wrong. Other skit-com graduates, like Bill Murray and Eddie Murphy, had profitably accommodated their TV personalities to the big screen. But Robin Williams was not allowing himself to be Robin Williams. It made for a dispiriting spectacle, like watching a great juggler hold,

just hold, a lemon. Williams traces his yen for straight roles to Manhattan's Juilliard School, where he studied acting. "I had my Juilliard training—[highbrow accent:] 'I'm an actor here'—and then I do comedy on the side. It's this Jekyll-and-Jessell thing—[stentorian voice:] 'Actor during the day; at night, strange man who talks about his genitals.' " Still, playing romantic leads in forgettable films chafed the sacred maniac inside him. "When your favorite actors are Peter Sellers and Peter Lorre, you're not seeing yourself saying [à la Clark Gable:], 'Frankly, my dear...'" You just want to go [and now

he shifts into Lorre's metallic purr:] 'My shirt! You dirtied my shirt!' " Williams needed to find a movie that dirtied his shirt, that liberated his pinwheeling raunch. Now he has. Goodbye, straight-man straitjacket. *Good Morning, Vietnam*.

There was a real Adrian Cronauer. He did host a lively radio show, he did play rock 'n' roll, he was ordered not to read a news dispatch about a café bombing he had witnessed. ("Adrian is now in law school," says Williams, who met Cronauer two weeks ago. "He looks like Judge Bork.") But around these few facts, the film spins a fantasy of irreverence and lost innocence. Mostly, it puts its star behind an Armed Forces Radio mike to devise some stratagems for Vietnamese students and Adrian's chat with a truckload of G.I.s were all improvised under the astute eye of Director Barry Levinson. "Barry lets you be free," Williams notes, "but not so free you're floundering. He sets up these little cones, like the ones they put on the freeway. If you knock one over, it's O.K."

Professionally, Williams looks to keep on flooring it over those cones. He may soon take the reins of his movie career and write himself a script. Next fall he plans to play Estragon, with Steve Martin as Vladimir, in the Mike Nichols production of *Waiting for Godot*—thus synthesizing Juilliard and wackiness. Personally, however, Williams is quieter, more settled. He is past bouts of alcohol and cocaine dependence. Separated from his wife of nine years, he now keeps company with his personal secretary, Marsha Garces. And he is famously devoted to his four-year-old son Zachary.

Does Williams, who says his improv work is "like playing—child's play," see in the boy a time-warped mirror image of his own fecund creativity? Seems so, as you listen to proud dad: "I watch Zachary absorbed in playing with his rockets. I listen to him whispering his multiple voices, and I think, 'That's where it comes from. That's the source.'" Williams tells a story of Zachary at his "gestalt" day-care center. "The teacher was playing tapes of noises for the kids to identify. One was of a baby crying, and a little girl said [little girl voice:], 'That's a baby crying.' Then they played a tape of laughter. 'I know! I know!' Zachary said. 'That's comedy!' And I thought, 'Right!' " Play on, Robin.

—By Richard Corliss

Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles



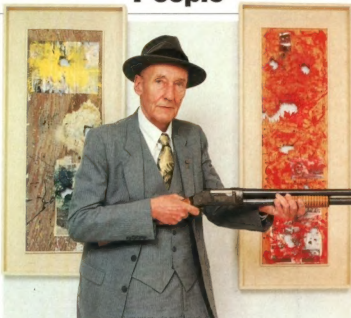
Williams: a grown man with the fertile mind of a four-year-old



In performance: uncaged onstage

People

"I had always taken it for granted that I couldn't draw or paint," says **William S. Burroughs**, 73. But that was before the author of *Naked Lunch* started doing a little target shooting in the backyard of his Lawrence, Kans., home some five years ago. With the same spontaneity that marks his fiction, Burroughs took aim at a can of spray paint set in front of a plywood panel and blasted away. "I had a new 12-gauge shotgun and had a spray can lying around, so I tried it," recalls the writer. "It came out better than I expected." So much better, in fact, that several examples of the result, which Burroughs dubbed "shotgun art," went on display last week in a New York City art gallery. Timed to coincide with the publication of Burroughs' new novel, *The Western Lands*, the one-man exhibit includes such archly titled works as *Mink Mutiny*, *Sore Shoulder* and *Wood Spirit*.



Artistic ammunition: Burroughs aims for inspiration with his "shotgun art"

group of West Coast radicals made headlines around the world. But by the time Director **Paul Schrader** began casting the movie *Patty Hearst*, **Natasha Richardson** (*Gothic*) was per-

lunched with Hearst, 32, who married her former prison guard. "It was tentative and difficult between us at first, because I didn't know if she was talking about Patty then or Patty now or the role I was to play," recalls Richardson. She is less equivocal about the resulting movie, however. Says Richardson: "It will keep people on the edge of their seats."



Radical chic: Richardson and Hearst reflecting on the role of a lifetime

its. "I couldn't say what my inspiration is," explains Burroughs. "I just let my hand take me. The titles come from whatever might be suggested to me. What you see on an old wall." Or, in certain cases, what you see through it.

She was only eleven years old in 1974, when the kidnapping of a young newspaper heiress named *Patty Hearst* by a

fect for the part. The film, currently shooting in California, traces Hearst's story from her abduction and conversion to a member of the Symbionese Liberation Army to her arrest and eventual pardon by President Carter. "She gets caught between two roads," says Richardson, who is the daughter of Actress **Vanessa Redgrave**. "The outside world becomes as much an enemy as her captors were." Preparing for her part, Richardson

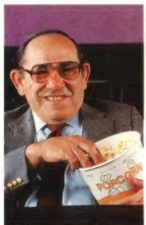
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Its membership list boasts some of the richest and most powerful men in the country, including **President Reagan**, Vice President **George Bush**, Secretary of State **George Shultz**, former Secretary of Defense **Caspar Weinberger**, **Henry Kissinger** and former CBS anchorman **Walter Cronkite**. But at the all-male San Francisco bastion known as the Bohemian Club, tumbler of bourbon and clouds of cigar smoke may soon be giving way to long-stemmed glasses of wine and the seductive scent of Chanel No. 5. Last week a new municipal law went into effect that bans the city's large private clubs from excluding women and minorities. "We have no discrimination except gender," says Club President **George Elliott**. Bohemians, who retreat into the wilderness for three weekends every summer, insist that no women have ap-

plied for membership. "That's not surprising," retorts Attorney **Louise Renne**, who helped draft the new law. "Women have been barred for 115 years."

Start running, Siskel and Ebert! Rex Reed, yer out! The latest and greatest personality to step up to the video home plate and take a swing at film criticism is none other than **Yogi Berra**, 62. In April the Hall of Fame Yankee catcher and longtime practitioner of the media curve ball will make his debut on *Yogi at the Movies*, a series of 30-second TV and radio spots during which Yogi will review new releases, awarding each with—

what else?—a home run, triple, double, single or strike-out. "I did go to a lot of movies when I was younger," says Berra, who has been showing up in Miller Lite beer commercials when not coaching the Houston Astros. "What the heck, I get to go to a film every week and comment on it." Berra's pilot segment is the heart-stopping blockbuster



Berra savoring the critic's choice

Fatal Attraction, about which he reports, "I wasn't scared until it came to the part where you get scared." As Yogi always said, it ain't over till it's over.

—By **Guy D. Garcia**. Reported by **David E. Thigpen/New York**



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